THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S NOBLE SPEECH.

That Delivered Before the Citizens of the Irish Capital on the Evening of Dec. 10, 1890.

Irishmen, Everywhere, Should Read It With the Most Profound Respect.

The Irish Question Analyzed With an Ability Unequalled in History.

Mr. Parnell addressed, on the evening of Dec. 10, the largest meeting ever held in Dublin. He was most enthusiastically welcomed by all classes of citizens. Following is a full shorthand report of his memorable speech:

On coming forward Mr. Parnell received an extraordinary ovation, the cheering lasting for several minutes. When order was with great difficulty restored in the thronged assembly, he said:

My Lord Mayor and Fellow-citizens—I am going to begin my speech tonight by an explanation. It has been made a ground of accusation against me that sometimes I have been absent from the field of battle and from Ireland. I have had my reasons. I don't intend to plead to you here tonight excuses or reasons for my action, believing that you have confidence in me (tremendous cheering), and will not put me through the ordeal of excuses or reasons (cheers), but that you will take me for what you know me to be (great cheering), for what you believe me to be (cheers), and for what, please God, I will prove myself to be (great cheering) in the face of Ireland and of my fellow countrymen (cheers). There is undoubtedly need at the present crisis for discrimination and for judgment among Irishmen, and I invite that discrimination and that judgment (cheers). I have been absent from the fight, it is said (no, no). Oh, gentlemen, when Wellington retired into winter quarters within the lines of Torres Vedras, his lieutenants and officers did not seek to fix a halter around his neck. (Cheers.) The cause of Ireland was there, the enemy was there (confusion in the centre of the hall caused by the terrible crushing), and I say the Irish party was also there (loud cheers). It is easy to make excuses for traitorism (groans), for secession, and for defection; but I tell you, fellow countrymen, that when the day comes for measuring the amount of my shortcomings, and the amount of my opponents' shortcomings, the balance will not be against me. I did not plead the sick list, although I might. God knows it was not a time when I was crippled in strength, when it was doubtful whether I might ever again come before you—God knows that was not the time to confront me with a movement of mutiny stronger, more vindictive, more disgraceful, and more cowardly (tremendous cheering, and groaning for "Healy") than any commander in chief has ever been called upon to face (cheers). Ah, yes. They bided their time, and they thought I was dead (cries of "no, no"), and that they might play around my corpse and divert the Irish nation from the true issues involved. But they reckoned without you and without me (loud cheering). They reckoned without taking account of the undying resolution of our race. But where they have found a true man they will stand by that man, and that man will stand by them. (Prolonged cheering.)

Now, fellow countrymen, this is, I suppose, a great crisis, and who has made the crisis? (Cries of "Tim Healy," "Renegades.") Is it we? Is it you? (Cries of "No, no.") Who is it that has made this crisis? (Cries of "Gladstone" and groans.) We shall know some day who has done this deadly thing against Ireland (loud cheering). We shall know where to affix the guilt and the stain which is sought today to be attached to me. But you join with me tonight. As we were guiltless of the provocation of this dispute, so I have confidence that the light having been entered upon, we will acquit ourselves in it like men (prolonged cheers). I was willing, only too willing, as a man whose heart delighted in compromise, who is prone to compromise, who is anxious to meet the objections of anyone, who is anxious to present his smitten cheek to the smiter, if by so doing he can prevent other cheeks from being smitten; I was anxious to assuage this fight, to have brought about peace among our race, and postpone this terrible issue, and to have allowed to the Irish nation that breathing time to which you are so justly entitled (loud cheers). And why was this opportunity not given to me? On the 17th of November the verdict which is supposed to be the origin of the evil was known. Why did not Mr. Gladstone tell me then by that confidential communication which he now asserts he was so anxious to exercise, why did he not tell me then that my leadership had become dangerous for the Irish and English cause? Why did he wait for nine days before breaking silence? Why did he allow the Leinster Hall meeting? (Groans). Why did he permit you and my lieutenants to pledge their renewed fealty to me? (Applause). Why did he allow every additional bond and tie that could be constructed to be set up in defense of my position? I cannot tell you, and he has refrained from telling you, but, for myself, if during those eight days Mr. Gladstone (groans) had intimated to me by word of mouth or by sign, by whisper, or innuendo, that my retirement, temporary or otherwise, was necessary, I should have hastened to take counsel with my comrades to rescue them from the impossible position in which they placed themselves by the Leinster Hall resolution. Now what, fellow-citizens, is this opinion of Mr. Gladstone? For we have to consider what the danger is and what the prospects are before us, and and what is Mr. Gladstone's opinion with regard to my retention of leadership. You should know and carefully weigh the opinion of this illustrious statesman (groans). It is worthy of every respect and consideration at your hands (cries of "No, no.") I admit to the fullest extent that you cannot suitably approach a final judgment of the issue before you without weighing his words. He says that, failing my retirement, his own continued retention of the English leadership must be almost nominal. But does he appear a nominal leader—does he appear a thing of the past when he is able to bring about the climax in Irish affairs we see today? Does he appear effete or likely to abandon the fight? What has been his action? You have to separate in this matter the position of Mr. Gladstone from that of the Liberal party. It is a very important distinction, and it is the reason, if we had no other reason, why we should pay every regard and every attention to the opinion and wishes of William Ewart Gladstone (cries of "Never, never"). He is one man, and his party is another. In 1886 he carried his Home Rule question upon his shoulders—his own shoulders—single handed against every opposition. Oh, that was a great feat—it was a Herculean work, and we, who watched the progress of his work, were amazed at the strength and courage which he exhibited. We and you were convinced by the object lessons which were then afforded that he was a great man, an earnest man, who had taken off his coat for the settlement of this great Irish question (cheers), and we said to each other—and what we said has contributed to form the public opinion of Ireland which exists today—"We believe that man, if he perseveres in the mind which the Irish people have brought him to, will afford us a solution for Irish wrongs and for Irish claims." And we came before you on that platform. But in coming before you on that platform we did not surrender our independence (loud cheers); and it is because this great statesman, this unrivalled leader of his own people, but not of Ireland (cheers), asks you to surrender your independence and to depose your leader, that we are here today to say—"Gladstone, we respect you and your position, we acknowledge your immortal strength and power, exhibited on so many, diverse, and great battlefields, but we decline to fuse with you, we decline to surrender to you the independence of our party (cheers), which has produced in you the mind in which you are today, and which, please God, will continue until that mind has produced for Ireland the fruition of her hopes and the crowning of her expectations" (cheers). Now, I said awhile ago that there was a distinction between this Grand Old Man—for he is a grand old man—and his colleagues. There is all the distinction in the world between a man and his colleagues sometimes (laughter and cheers). But the distinction in Mr. Gladstone's case is a little out of order. It is the distinction between the tail wagging the head and the head wagging the tail (laughter); and the message that Ireland sends back to the Grand Old Man tonight is this—"Resume your place as leader of your party; take up your legitimate authority, and when you have put yourself in the position of an independent leader such as ours, then, and not till then, will we allow our leader to treat with you upon those equal terms which alone can assure a lasting, a peaceable, and a permanent settlement" (cheers).

Now, I pass to the other section of our opponents. I have drawn a distinction—a very necessary distinction—between the Grand Old Man and some of—I was going to say his tail—his followers. But the National Liberal Club (hisses) is not the National Irish Club (loud and continued cheers), and when we see that English money is lavishly promised—we know yet but little about the performances—is lavishly promised to the seceders to support an anti Irish paper against the *Freeman* (loud cheers for the *Freeman*), because the *Freeman* has been true to its conviction and its leaders, we are in a position to estimate the magnitude and the force of our opponents when we have fathomed the depth of the purse of Henry Labouchere and Professor Stuart (hisses). Now there is one thing, fellow citizens, that we will all agree upon unanimously, I believe, and that is that if by my resignation tomorrow (cries of "Never") I could bring the fruition of your hopes one thousandth part of a second nearer, that resignation would be cheerfully given. There is no opposition to that proposal. So we come to the consideration of the proposal I made in that direction. Was it an honest and straightforward proposal? Did I mean to keep my word? (Cries of "Yes.") The Old Man showed that I meant to keep my word by refusing to pledge his (hear, hear). But what is the depth, length, the height and the breadth of this outcry, that if Ireland is false to herself and to me she will lose the progress of the last sixteen years? Ah, as well might you have told Washington at Lexington or at Bunker Hill that unless he surrendered his trenches to the British army he would never reap the fruits of all the exertions of himself and his compatriots who had gone before. The contention is absurd upon the face of it. Who are putting it forward? My God! If it was an honest movement I would yield to it on the spot (cheers). But what is it? It is a movement of hypocrisy (cheers) from top to bottom. It is a movement which, while professing anxiety for the success of Home Rule, is undertaken and forwarded by men whose Home Rule is skin deep (cheers), but whose hatred of Ireland is not skin deep (cheers). It is a movement which depends in some of its main features upon what we will call for the sake of politeness a temporary aberration of judgment. It is a movement which depends for its strength upon invincible ignorance. It is a movement which depends upon testimony of which only one side has been heard; and do you not think that there is no other side? (Cries of "We do.")

But I will not dwell upon this portion of my defense. I need not (cries of "No necessity," and cheers). My defense will be known some day (loud and continued cheers), and I could not come amongst you and look you in the face as I look you in the face tonight, did not I know that there is another side to this question, as to every other question, and if you will wait to hear that other side before you decide that, unworthy as I am (cries of "No"), I am too unworthy to walk with you within the sight of this promised land which, please God, I will enter with you (loud cheers). But, fellow countrymen, there is another side, which I can speak of tonight without loss of integrity or of honor, and I will speak of it. It is the side connected with the public consideration of this question which you must know in order that you may faithfully fulfill the position of judges, which fate has determined as your lot. I have claimed tonight, as I claimed at Cork, when in the face of my constituents in 1880, alone there and almost unknown there, in one speech I obtained their sympathy and lasting support. I have claimed that the integrity and independence of the Irish party must be beyond all things and above all things; and what is the meaning of these words "integrity" and "independence" at a time when we have to consider offers of place to Irish public men made by grand old spiders (laughter and cheers)—in that good faith and singleness of purpose which is so characteristic of the spider and the fly? (Laughter).

We have to consider what is the meaning of the pledges that we made. The pledges, fellow countrymen, that we have made are not pledges which can be idly broken. You talk about the situation today. You say, and rightly say, that this is a crisis for the Irish nation all the world over; but I tell you, gentlemen, that the crisis of today, and the climax if you will, of today, would have been but a feather's weight in the balance compared to the intensity, the intolerable character of the situation which would have been brought about for Ireland—aye, and for England too—if I or any of your representatives had been permitted for a single moment, whether by laxity or weakness on our part, or by negligence or carelessness on the part of our constituents, to forget the spirit and the letter of the pledge in Cork in 1880 (cheers). What was that pledge? Remember it always. It is the keystone of our existence. It proclaimed in no uncertain voice that no Irish representative was to accept place or office, consideration or emolument, or to amalgamate, or merge, or fuse in any English political party which did not first concede the just claims of the Irish people. This is your charter. Hold fast by it. This is the ground upon which I stand tonight, and upon it you must stand with me if you are to find any safety in constitutional action. I have never misled you (cries of "No, no," and cheers). I have never said that this constitutional movement must succeed. I have never promised you absolute success, but I have promised you this, that if you trust me (loud cries of "We do," and cheers) I will do all that mortal man can do to perform it. What is the position? We stand at the parting of the ways. You cannot, if you would, evade the issue which is forced upon you. It is an issue which means the life or death of the constitutional movement. I have not promised you success, but I have said, and I repeat it tonight, with all the force and energy that my poor words and voice can give to the declaration—that if Ireland cannot win upon this line within the constitution she can win upon no other line within the constitution, and that if our constitutional movement of today is broken down, sundered, separated, discredited, and forgotten, England will be face to face with that imperishable force which tonight gives me vitality and power (loud and prolonged cheers), and without which we are broken reeds, bending and blown about by every puff of wind. And if Ireland leaves this path upon which I have led her, upon which she has trodden until she is almost in sight of victory, I will not for my part say that I will not accompany her further; but I shall claim for myself the same right which each of you has to consider the future, to be warned by the mistakes of the past, and to shape his course as the side lights and the guide lights and the head lights may best direct for the future success and prosperity of Ireland. You may ask what I mean? Whether I intend to cross the Rubicon and burn my boats? I cross no Rubicon, I have no boats to burn; but my position is the position of 1880; and I say to you, and to all Irishmen—beware while you have time and while the power is still in your hands before you surrender forever a force which you cannot control, the illimitable power of our race which has shown itself in these streets of Dublin tonight, without which I should be worthless and useless, with which I am strong, and with which at my side I pledge myself to push forward until we have either reached the goal, or until the majority of the Irish people tell me that the goal is not there, and that I must try some other method.

Now, there are some questions still to be dealt with—very important questions, undoubtedly most important questions. I have made of those questions tests of Mr. Gladstone's genuineness, of his *bona fide* character as a politician and a statesman. I am sorry that up to the present he has not answered to the touchstone—the question of the land. You who followed the course of recent events know well that this question of the land is the vital question for Ireland; that no statesman, whatever his calibre, can attempt to solve this question without solving at the same time the land question. But that test has been disregarded. We are left without an answer to our query as to whether the Liberal party will allow us to settle this land question or settle it themselves. This is a matter that has been put to them straightly and plainly, and it is capable of a straight and plain answer, and I ask tonight, before I define my position further, what is the answer of Mr. Gladstone to the question which was put to him last week to the settlement of the land question? Upon the land question depends many things. Upon it depends your independence, because on it depends the stability of your cause. How can a man be independent? How can he feel like a man if at any moment a constable can come in with his baton and say: "Your wife and family are at my mercy and they must go!" The thing is preposterous on the face of it (cheers). Not for a single moment could Ireland or Irishmen agree to accept as final any solution of the question which did not give us all the ordinary rights of citizens in England involved in the control of the policeman's baton. Then, again, I may ask about the question of the evicted tenants. The question of the evicted tenants is undoubtedly a most important one. I don't want to blow my own trumpet. Certainly not. But it is right that when the position of these poor people is assigned as a reason for my destruction, that I should tell you what has been and what may be. The position of the evicted tenants is this, that they have to look to the same solution that you have to look to. They have to look to the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Irish party as their only safeguard. I have done my best for them, and I will continue to do my best for them (hear, hear). In 1883 I rescued the balance of the funds then in existence for the purpose of securing the future of these evicted tenants, and my colleagues know well, those of them who were then in public life, the minority of them who were in public life know well that in those days I did everything I could, and that I have from that day to this protected and defended the evicted tenants who were left to us as a heritage from the Land League days (hear, hear). Not one of those men has ever wanted a meal or an hour of self-respect or of honor. I have made them my first thought and consideration. The same applies to the evicted tenants whose creation has since come about. I have not been the cause of their eviction, (cheers), but for the sake of union I do not dwell upon this. But they are there. They have acted honorably as honest Irishmen (loud cheers). They have sacrificed the future of themselves and their little ones to the cause of our country, and the Irishman would be shameless, he would be worthy to be thrust to those English wolves of whom we have heard, if for a single moment any means was left untried for the purpose of securing and consolidating the future of those patriots. (Cheers.)

Before I sit down, and I must really apologize (no, no) I have to say another word about a question of great importance and moment to us, a question of the relations of Ireland with labor and with the laboring population. I have told you that I cannot avoid this question. I would not wish to avoid it if I could. The men who made Ireland what she is today, and will hew her cause among the nations of the world in the future, are the laboring population of Ireland (loud cheers). For them I must have a care—on them I must depend. To them I will look for the recruits in the grand army of Irish nationality which I hope to lead in the near future; without such men our strength would be nothing. Therefore, I look to them, and I say to them that they are entitled to look to me. If I am leader (loud cries of "You are," "no one else," and loud cheers), should I not answer this question? I don't think I should seek refuge from a position undoubtedly difficult behind any cowardly quibble or subterfuge. What did we propose in the interests of the laboring classes? Let me tell you some of the things that I have done. I do not say it for the purpose of influencing your judgment, but for the purpose of showing you that we have not forgotten these men, and that we do not intend to forget them. In 1883 I drafted the Irish Laborers bill, a very small measure of relief for these poor people, and it was passed into law. It was amended by a subsequent act, and, so far as it goes, I understand that it has given satisfaction and comfort to some extent to the working classes. But this is a very little thing. I don't say that this bill should be considered by you as at all a measure of what we can do for you pending Home Rule (hear, hear). And of course you will have noticed that the question is divided into two branches. You have the consideration of what can be done for Irish labor with Irishmen legislating at College Green and what can be done by Irishmen legislating in Westminster. I have never held out very great hopes as to Westminster, but I do say this, in answer to the plain question—what are you prepared to do at Westminster for the Irish artisans and laborers? I am prepared to say this, that we can assist the English Radical party to strengthen the back of this Grand Old Man (hear, hear), and remove any unwillingness on his part to face this question (laughter). We can insist that equal justice shall be meted out to Ireland as to England, and above all things we can help the Irish workingmen to consolidate their movement, to organize it in such a fashion as will be further conducive to the best interests of the national cause (loud cheers). We can show them how far they may go with regard to the due interests of the national question. We can help them to attain that limit. We can insist that they shall attain it. We can, above all things, and before all things, provide every Irishman with resources and aid of organization which is so important. This is what I propose to do (loud cheers).

Taking this question at first sight as a question of before Home Rule, before you can have the power of settling it for yourselves and of regulating it as you wish best, I say that I will do my utmost to reconcile all prejudices upon this question, so that this great labor movement upon which we depend, and which must be all powerful by its right governance and direction upon the future of Ireland, may be educated, may be guided into courses in consonance and in aid with the legislative independence of Ireland. Acting in this fashion I shall be able to see that no interest is neglected, however small; no effort, no exertion, no attempt left unused for the purpose of obtaining for labor and the dignity of labor her rightful and proper and overwhelming position in the councils of the nation. (Loud cheering.)

Now, I finish as I commenced. I say to you, fellow countrymen, that a self respecting Irish nation is necessary for the success of our cause; that we cannot be self respecting if we accept the dictates or the orders of any outside leader. I ask you confidently tonight to judge me by my record. If you have any fait to find with me (cries of "None" and cheers) now is your time to bring it forward. Where is it? I don't pretend to be immaculate. I don't pretend that I have not had my moments of trial and of temptation, but I do claim that never in thought, in word, or in deed have I been false to the trust that Irishmen have confidence in me (cries of "Never" and cheers). And if I, after sixteen years of combat, can come before you tonight and can proclaim my invincible determination to preserve in this path, is it too much to ask of you that you shall strengthen me with your good will and with your appreciation? I pledge to you my word—that word which, despite the taunts of my enemies, has never been broken—that your judgment will be vindicated, and that the cause of Ireland will win that triumph which a self respecting nation and a self-judging nation can alone confer upon us—the cause of that victory which your ardor and your determination tonight show me that you are determined to gain. (Loud and prolonged cheering, which lasted for several minutes.)

WONDERS OF ARRAN.

Miss Banim Continues Her Description of the Weird Scenery of the Lonely Isles.—How Men Are Obliged to Avoid the Force of the "Zephyrs."

Our way now lay up the hill, over boulders, crags, slates, and stones in all shapes and forms, until, after every variety of scrambling and climbing and getting lightly over or knocking down stone walls, we gained a little stretch of green valley—evidently a rent in the vast rocks, or a channel worn by the sea at some distant time. From this we once more clambered up the precipice and found ourselves on a roadway, very trying to walk on, from the fact of its being thickly strewn with rough, broken stones. This road was commenced by the parish priest the winter before, when there was a famine on the islands and yet no money was to be had from the government with which to start works which would give, at the same time, relief and honest employment, and thus prevent the injury to the people that the receiving of alms invariably does to a community like this. With the money given by private individuals the parish priest began the making of a road—anything, as he said, that the money might be earned, and certainly never were people more eager to work, more ready to do anything, no matter how laborious, in order to earn honestly what would keep their families from starvation. As the government would not aid in the work, there was not money enough to finish the much-needed road, and there it remained, a broad road, certainly, but not an easy one to travel, so we preferred to make our way as best we could over the flags on either side. Nor was this path without its difficulties, as the surface was split into narrow gridiron-like bars, often only a few inches apart, with deep fissures between every rent, so that at times, where this formation occurred,

WALKING WAS OFTEN DANGEROUS,

or at least required great care in order to pass safely. But everyone of these fissures held, deep down as far as the eye could see, a wealth of rare and lovely plants, among them being rich clusters of the delicate maiden hair fern, and profusion of the cranesbill geranium, the vivid rose-colored blossoms of which grow to an unusual size on this island.

Suddenly, as we reached the highest point of the hill, the full majesty of the wide Atlantic burst upon us on every side. A few yards brought us to the verge of the cliffs, and there we paused—silent, struck by admiration of the scene around and below us. A boundless sea, deep, vivid blue under the summer sky; far, far off we looked, but nothing broke the long sea line. Our thoughts could wander away over that vast expanse to the distant shores of the New World, for no land intervenes between the Arran Isles and America, unless, indeed, the lovely Isle of the Blest might really have existence and be that light cloud that looked like a distant mountain just showing against the sky. Beneath us, hundreds of feet below, the waves dashed in over the sunken rocks, the waters, as they neared the caverns under the cliffs, assuming the most exquisite shades, between opal and emerald, the foaming crests a brilliant white. We stood on the brink of a tremendous amphitheatre, hollowed out by the fierce winter seas, and shelving in and in until the ledge above, on which we stood, overhung the base to a great distance. The cliffs are formed of various strata, the lines distinctly marked, and all running north and south, and, all along the western coast, the under strata of these cliffs are so eaten in by the action of the water that it appears as if at any moment the immense overhanging masses may fall into the foaming sea below, so far do they project, ledge overlapping ledge, beyond the lowest stratum that is left bare at low tide. This stratum, curiously enough, is of some dark, soft formation that can be chipped of with a penknife, the morsels so broken crumbling in the hand; yet this apparently crumbling base upholds cliffs of several hundred feet in height. Viewed from above,

THE SIGHT IS GRAND AND BOLD

in the extreme—perhaps the finest to be had from the island. The immense semi-circle of rock, some four hundred feet high, the regular lines of its formation, shaped into innumerable architectural designs that show boldly against the light; below, glittering and transparent, a tremendous sea boiled and surged and sent immense waves in against the cliffs, where the volume of water rushed, with a sound like the shock of artillery, far into some underground passage, whence it poured forth again in silver cascades. Every ledge of the cliffs above was crowded with gulls and rock-birds which kept up an incessant shrill outcry; hundreds, sallying out, kept wheeling and soaring around and above their wild and picturesque home.

It was a scene the fascination of which held us there, silent and charmed, thinking how strange and marvellous it is that so much beauty, such wonders of nature are most frequently found in these lonely places, where few ever penetrate to enjoy them—to lose for a while all recollections of the eager, bustling world made by man, and to grow happier and better in the quiet contemplation of beauties that would seem to have been created solely for the Creator's own pure joy in the beautiful. From year's end to year's end few come to gaze on these grand sights—ever varying, ever lovely, whether seen when the summer sun is lighting up with its glory the vast caverns and amphitheatres and the limitless ocean beyond, or in the terrific grandeur of the winter storms, when the seas rise to such a height as to fling up, to a distance of three and four hundred feet, the gravel and shells which lie in many places on the top of the cliffs above. These storms must be a sublime sight, but one not easily enjoyed, for the force of the wind is such that no one dare approach the edge of a precipice during the full force of a gale; when overtaken by one, even a strong man is frequently obliged to

LIE FLAT ON THE GROUND

to allow a gust of wind to pass over, then rise and continue his way until the next wild blast comes, when he must again throw himself on the ground. Extreme cold, however, is seldom known on Arran; the winds are fierce, but frost and snow are hardly ever seen, and the climate is pure and invigorating. In summer the air is delicious and balmy, kept fresh by the constant breeze blowing in from the Atlantic.

Long we sat above "Phoul na-Briskenagh" (spelled by ear, be it remembered), greatly interested in the curiously busy life of the birds, as they came and went, hundreds floating in graceful clouds high in air, others hovering just above the waves, or diving now and again in search of food; others again sitting, in long rows, on every shelf of rock, chattering and gossipping and apparently having an enormous deal of most interesting matters to discuss. We watched the immense foamy billows as they thundered in far beneath the very rocks on which we rested, and, out in the bay, our eyes followed a corrach in which two men sat fishing, their light skiff riding so buoyantly on the waves that the sight was one to tempt any lover of the sea and make him long for a sail in such a boat. But there was no getting down from our elevation, at least with the tide in and no little Arran boy near to lead the way through one of the many great rents which were to be seen in the rocks, and some of which lead, by ways known to the islanders, down to caverns once used as smugglers' caves, the crevice penetrating to one of which Mary showed us close by.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Literary Note.

The American magazines have come to be recognized the world over as the best illustrated and most ably conducted; in fact, it is said that larger editions are sold in England of at least two of our leading magazines than of any of the English monthlies. This condition has resulted from the fact that the American magazines hesitate at no expense, either for the purchase of manuscript or illustration. $50,000 has been paid by one magazine for a single series. Millions are invested in the business, and they can well afford to pay any price for an article of unusual interest. Probably no single cause is having such an effect in the education of both old and young America as these magazines. They are penetrating into every household. Their beautiful engravings serve as instructors even to those unable or too busy to read. The most popular authors recognize that they can obtain more money from the magazines than by publishing in book form. In proportion to bound volumes, the magazines gives as four to one. Take for instance the *Cosmopolitan*, which contains annually 1536 pages by the leading writers of the world, and more than 1200 illustrations by clever artists. That would make four volumes of nearly 400 pages each, put it is furnished to the subscriber at only $2 40 a year. The four bound volumes which it would make would be worth on the book stands not less than $12. It seems impossible that so much should be furnished for so little, and it is only when the number reaches 100,000 or upwards that such work can be turned out at a profit to the publisher. Formerly it was considered impossible to place such a magazine before the public for less than $4 per annum, and the predictions were numerous, when the price of the *Cosmopolitan* was fixed at $2 40, that it would be impossible for it to survive at such a figure. The publisher believed that a first class magazine at the low price of $2 40 would be quickly appreciated by the public. His expectations have been more than fulfilled, and the December issue of the *Cosmopolitan* reached the 100,000 mark.

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D. O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CRY FROM THE CLIFFS.

A few weeks saw Helen Barrington and Kate Howard in the latter's comfortable home at Inch. Here, in the midst of new and agreeable surroundings, the former gradually began to forgot her troubles, or, if not to forget them, to bear them better. The roses came back into her cheeks, and the old winsome smile into her eyes.

So also a short time saw the old deserted mansion at Grey Abbey being put in repair. It had been long disused and neglected, but now its broken windows were new glazed, and the place rapidly put in order. And no sooner was it habitable, than, to the surprise of Kate Howard, but not at all to that of Helen, Trevor Mortimer made his appearance therein.

Inch House lay in a sheltered nook some distance—half a mile or thereabouts—inland, protected from the sea storms by an intervening hill. Its topmost windows alone gave view of the sea. Grey Abbey stood along the coast about a mile distant and near the strand. Between lay the ruins of an old monastery, whose walls, spray swept and whitened with winter storms and bleached by summer heats, probably supplied to the builder of the lately ruined, but newly tenanted, mansion its picturesque name. At some time, so remote in the lapsing centuries that history had lost ken of it, the abbey must have been built a distance inland, but the action of the ceaseless sea had gradually swept away the cliffs, until now it stood so nigh that some of the walls had actually fallen over.

It was rather a matter of wonder with the people living in the neighborhood, to see Grey Abbey refurnished, and most persons were disposed to look on its new inhabitant as a sort of government official guarding that part of the coast—a not extraordinary guess, considering the troubled condition of Wexford at the time.

"And who have you living with you, Sir Trevor?" asked Miss Howard, one day when he rode over, for the first time after his coming, to pay them a visit.

"Only an old housekeeper," said he gaily. "I mean only to use it as a shooting box, or rather, I should say, a fishing box, while my friends remain here."

"How delightful it will be to visit and explore the old mansion! One can imagine ghosts and skeletons starting up out of old hiding places of years."

"I shall be glad to show you over the old fabric when it is ready, but at present it is scarcely fit for ladies' eyes to see—not to speak of the fact that my housekeeper is not at all disposed to do the honors of so uninviting a mansion."

"Well let us know when you are prepared to receive us, and we shall be glad to pay you a visit."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The subject was dropped, and to Mortimer's great satisfaction was not resumed again for some time.

Meantime, however, his visits grew frequent to Inch House, and as, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, many of the gentry had gone to reside in the metropolis, and society was therefore scarce, his attention was very acceptable, as tending to relieve the ennui of place.

Helen began once more to be pleased in his society. Somehow the events that preceded and followed the disappearance of her brother and Eugene had tended to make his presence more or less distressing; but now she was beginning to look upon the past as irrevocable, and to regard the previous relations that existed between Mortimer and herself as undisturbed.

Wherefore it was that she was constantly in his company whenever he came, and if he were a day or two absent, almost felt lonely for his presence. Thrown, almost without further society, into his company, it was no wonder that his old power over her and her old liking for him began to be restored. And insensibly his statements constantly repeated began to impress her with the force of conviction, until whenever she thought of Eugene, it was with a shudder for his dreadful and unaccountable treachery and ingratitude.

Mortimer was delighted. He could not conceive that so welcome and fortunate a change could come for him from this visit the country. Instinctively he began to find that her old regard for him, which seemed abating, had returned in greater strength. There was no need that she should tell him so; he knew it by mere intuition. And, so knowing, he resolved to profit by it—by pressing his suit as earnestly and vehemently as he could.

And so one evening, as they stood on the brow of the hill that intervened between Inch House and the sea, he urged her to be his wife without delay—and she consented. He pointed out to her her isolated condition, the long understanding that subsisted between them, the unreasonableness of further delay, the approbation with which her brother had looked upon their projected union, and after some objections on her part—put forward faintly and waveringly, but beaten down or waived aside by his passionate pleadings—she consented.

Immediately she gave her consent other preliminaries were arranged. She was to return to Seamore in a few days, and once there the marriage was to take place without any unnecessary delay. Indeed, now that her adhesion to his wishes in the principal matter had been concluded, there was no reason why there should.

Thence afterwards he was constantly at Inch and unceasingly by her side. A gayer or more agreeable suitor it would be difficult to find. Miss Howard was in delight that her friend was likely to be soon so happily placed, and, whilst mourning over the disappointment her own heart had sustained by Redmond Barrington's disappearance or death, rejoiced unselfishly on account of Helen's happiness.

But if Trevor Mortimer was so joyous and light hearted in his betrothed's presence, he was torn with very different feelings when away from her.

There were so many things to interrupt this chance of good luck that offered itself to him. There was one who might, at any moment and unexpectedly, turn up to mar his prospects. If he once were married to Helen Barrington he could afford to despise her threats. He could repudiate the French marriage with her. It was not the law in this country, nor would there be many under the circumstances at present existing between France and England to think ill of such repudiation. As to what Helen thought, once he was her husband and master of Seamore and its rich estates, it would matter very little to him. She might think well or ill of it just as she pleased. He would take care that it should give him very little trouble or concern.

But until he really were married how many circumstances might turn up to ruin him. *She* had not come according to his arrangements with her. Who knew but she might, hearing how matters stood, present herself before Helen and warn her that she was already his wife. That would be utter and certain ruin. That would be a final and impassable barrier to his hopes. That would be a final ending to their engagement. His heart filled with malignant terror at the idea. The love—if it could be called love—that once he bore her had turned to implacable and burning hate. She came to his mind as the bearer of ruin to him; the demon would have seemed to his inflamed thoughts as less abhorrent.

There was a further source of trouble around him in the sense that some knowledge of his gambling propensities and his heavy debts might come to Helen's ears. There was also the pressing necessity for paying his debts of honor to his gambling associates in Dublin—else his name might be suddenly posted in the clubs as a blackleg, and his name ostracised in Dublin society.

But these latter became merged in the more dangerous trouble caused by the possible appearance before Helen of—of *—his wife.* It was with a curse of vengeance that this name occurred to him. If he could only be rid of her—if he could only——

It was in some such abrupt and malignant manner of thinking as this that one morning as he opened the hall door of the dilapidated mansion of Grey Abbey there presented itself before him the form of—his wife.

It a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen from the skies at his feet he could not have been more surprised, although he often feared she would not come. He had been on his way to Inch, and her appearance was furthest from his thoughts.

But he was equal to the occasion, and promptly recovered himself. The look of dark displeasure and surprise quickly vanished from his face, which became immediately wreathed with smiles.

"Come at last, Alice dear?" he said, embracing her. "How long and how anxiously I have expected you!"

"I could not come earlier, Trevor," she said, tears of rejoicing bursting to her eyes at the warmth of his reception. "I came as soon as I was able—for I have been very ill."

"I am sorry I have not a more suitable house to entertain you in and welcome you to, Alice, darling, but your stay will not be long. How did you come?"

"By the night mail. You know you wished me to come privately."

"So I did, Alice. Such a good girl as you are—so true and loyal. Did anyone travel with you?"

"No, no one. There was none but myself in the mail. It was so lonely a journey—oh! so lonely! But I was cheered by the thought of your welcome—of seeing you."

"And you shall be still further cheered and rejoiced, Alice, darling. Come in.—Moya, Moya!" he called as they entered, "see who has come—see who has come, Moya!"

Alice was delighted with the warmth of her reception and the excitement her coming had caused; and as the old woman hobbled towards her she overcame her repugnance and threw her arms around her in a burst of gratitude and affection—as fervent for the moment as if it were around her dead mother's form she twined her arms.

Leaving her after some time, during which his delight was manifested in many ways that filled the weary wanderer with new feelings of joy, he took his departure for Inch. There he impressed upon Helen the necessity of her speedy return to Seamore. He had not much difficulty in inducing her to accede to his wishes, and the next day, or at furthest the next but one, was fixed therefor.

That arrangement made, he returned to Grey Abbey.

Alice and he walked, during the late afternoon, along the more unfrequented way towards the sea, and in the direction of the ruined abbey. In ecstacies at her new found happiness, she hung upon his arm and listened with the old rapture to his honeyed words.

To one not burthened with his feelings at the moment she would have seemed a graceful and handsome girl, her pale olive face contrasting finely with her black hair; and her handsome black Provençal eyes flashing with the light of new found love—one, indeed, who but lately must have looked striking and impassioned, although now a certain air of suffering pervaded her appearance.

The sea looked so glassy and beautiful—not a ripple ruffled its surface—that Alice could not help admiring it. The afternoon light fell on its waters, giving them a ruddy glow that turned them into molten gold.

"How beautiful!" she said, leaning on his arm. "It reminds me of the sea on the southern shores of France. Shall I ever see it again, I wonder."

"You admire this, Alice," he said, pausing in his walk, as a sudden thought struck him. They had been walking towards the cliffs whereon the ruins of White Abbey stood—overhanging the sea.

"I do!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "It reminds me of the happy days before—before I loved you, Trevor."

GAELIC POETRY.

Meditse Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN DARA ROINN.

Sgreadaim go h-árd le réir na tíre,
'S leagaim ad lámhair cás na n-daoine,
Breathnaigh go caoin, 's bí truaighmhéileach,
Beannaibh a g-cinn, 'sas suim a g-céille,
Atharraig an dígh-seo chuing na clóire,
'S ainic an bhuidhin nár fíth sa ghéibheann.
Má lagaig an síolrach daonmhar daoine,
A d-talamh dath-soibhian fíor-ghlas Éirionn,
Is furas an tír d'aith-íonadh laochaibh,
D'uireasbadh dígh gan brígh, gan éifeacht,
Cá bhuil an gádh le gáir na bainse,
Cárta biotáille 's pádh lucht seinte,
Sumaig air boárd go fóiseach taidhbhseach,
Glugar 's gleó 'co, ól dá shaidheada.
O d'aibig an t-óghar-so bhronn mac Dhédhúinn
'S gan sagart air domhan dár d-tabhairt dá chéile,
Is leathan-mhar, láidir, lán-mhar, leadmhar,
Fairsing le fáchail an t-áimhach saor so.
Is minic do chídhim-se bríoghmhar, bórthadh, iad
Cumasach, líontadh, a g-croídh, 's a g-cóir iad,
Créim ní fhaicimsi, daille ná caoiche,
Na léim air leithre dár h-oileadh le maoi air bith.
Is mo, 'sas mire, 'sas teinne, 'sas tréine iad,
A g-cíodʼ, 'sa g-cliseanh, ná dhioedanacht aon neach,
Is furas mar luadhaimse fuasgailte shuighte,
'S duine aca 'n uair-seo air fuaid an tighe so.
A bh-faiceann tu thall go ceannsa ciuin é,
Deisig a nall a d-teann tadh an bhúird é,
Breithnig san g-ceantar teann 'na ciúid é,
Breithnig go cruinn é, bíoch gur b óz é,
Is dearbhtha, suighte, ná píosa feóla é.
Is preabaire a d-toirt, a g-corp, 'sa g-cnámh é,
Ca bh-fuil áon locht a g-cos 'ná lámh dhe?
Ní seirceach fann ná seandach feósach
Leibide cam 'na ganndal geósach,
Meall gan chuma, 'ná sumach gan síne,
Acht lannsa cumasach, buinneamhach bríoghmhar.
Ní descair a mheas nach spreas gan bhrígh,
Bheidh ceangailte air neasg air teasg ag maoi,
Gan chnámh, gan chumas, gan chumadh, gan chom,
Gan grádh, gan cumann, gan fuinneamh, gan toan.
Do sgaipeách a m-broinn gach maighre má,
Le catachas draighin an graidhre breagh,
Mar chuireann sé bh-feidhm gan mhoill, gan bhréag,
Le cumas a bhoill 's lúigheamh a ghéag,
Gur crobhaire crothadh go cothram gan cháime,
Le fonn na fola 's le fothram na sláinte.
Leis sin ná h-iarsadh a Ríoghuin ré álteach,
Milleadh na d-triath le riaghail gan éifeacht,
Sgaoil a chodla gan cochall, gan cuibhreach,
Siol an bhoduig 'san mbogul-fhuil mhuighteach,
Sgaoil fá chéile do réir nádúra,
An síolrach séimh 'san braon labúrthadh,
Fógair féilteach tré gach tíortha,
Dóg 's daosda, saor-thoil síolraig.
Cuirig an dígh-so gaois a ngaodhluibh,
'S tiocfaig an bhrígh mar bhí tona laochaibh,
Ceapadh sé com, 's drom, 's dóirne,
D'fhearaibh an domhain ma Ghoil mac Móirne,
Gealfaig an spéir,—beidh éisg a líantibh,
'Stalamh an t-siéibh go léir fá lufbheannadh,
Fir agus mná go bráth dá bhíthin,
Ag seinnim do cháil le gardus soibhnis.

[DEIRE AN DARA ROINN.]

"Would you like, Alice, a sail on the waters, this evening? There is an island yonder—you can faintly see it from here—whereon the sunsets are perfectly—surpassingly—beautiful. You will think you are looking at dear San Grande again. It will be so delightful to be alone on the sea as we used to be there. Would you like it?"

"O! all things—with you, was her reply.

"It will be so pleasant, and remind us so of old times," he said, as they turned to walk back.

Returning to where his boat lay anchored under the mansion, they entered it, and, fixing the sails, were soon on their way over the dancing waters.

The sail was to her entrancing. It reminded her of many similar ones on a foreign sea. Hundreds of miles lay between the two scenes, but the happiness her heart experienced was the same.

Similarly entrancing was the walk over the high and grassy cliffs of the little island, when they reached it. How perfectly beautiful was the aspect of the sea as the golden sunset threw its flood of rays over it, reflecting in its breast the crimson sky overhead!

"Trevor! How glad my heart is!" she said, as they stood on the uttermost verge of a cliff looking far over where the waters of the channel joined and became lost in the broad waters of the Atlantic. "How little I dreamt a few weeks ago that I——"

* * * * * * *

Watchers—if there were any around the little islet—might have been startled as a cry, such as in its concentrated terror and agony seldom issued from human lips, suddenly burst on the silence around! The cliffs, as if frightened at the fear, and horror, and surprise, and affright that were blent in its piercing power, gave it back in weird echoes!

The storm birds, terrified from their sleeping crevices in the rocks flew around and around in shrieking surprise. Such cry had never come before on their hearing—even from the lips of drowning sailors or fishermen!

But the shriek of agony died out unheard on the voiceless waters; the echoes ceased; the sea birds abandoned their whirling flight and once more sought the repose of the beetling cliffs; silence—the unearthly silence of fear and death—and the growing dusk, wrapped the cliff and crag and harbourlet in weird tranquility.

What was that awful cry? What heart affrighted or in moral agony gave utterance to it? Why was it quenched so suddenly.

Trevor Mortimer returned alone to Grey Abbey.

The old hag glanced at his pallid lips and white haggard face.

"Well?—Is she——"

"Moya," said he hurriedly, "I shall not sleep here tonight. I shall stop at Inch. I shall not return again. You will close up and come away as soon as you can"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

November 26th, 1890 at the residence of her father, The Arcade, Tullamore, Mollie, eldest daughter of James and Julia Browne, and granddaughter of Mr. Thos. M'Kenna, late of 123 Quay, Waterford.

Nov. 27th, 1890, at her father's residence, Kingswood, Co. Dublin, Annie, aged 16 years, second daughter of James and Kate Callahan.

Nov 26th, 1890, at 29 Lower Fitzwilliam street, Sir William Carroll, M. D, J. P., at an advanced age.

Nov. 26th, 1890, at the residence of her father, 2 Pleasant street, Dublin, Mary, the youngest surviving daughter of Thomas Clarke, late of the D M. P.

Nov. 21, at No. 35 The Grove, Highbury, London, N (the residence of his brother-in-law, David Fennell, M. D) Peter Paul, son of Joseph and the late Catherine Sherwood, formerly of Denzille street, aged 26 years.

At his residence, 6 Synott place, Dublin, of typhoid fever, George Joseph, eldest son of Paul P. Farrell, formerly of Mullingar, in the 26th year of his age.

Nov. 23d, 1890, at 43 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Richard McLowry, at an advanced age.

Nov. 26th, 1890, at Bekan, Mary, relict of the late James O'Dowda, Esq, Solicitor, Bunanadden, Ballymote, Co. Sligo.

Mrs. Bridget Paillips, relict of the late William Phillips, of Vicar street, Dublin, aged 88 years.

Nov. 23 1890, at 67 Castle street, Nenagh, Mr Richard Purcell, aged 41 years.

Nov. 15th, 1890, at his father's residence, Killarsna, Co. Cavan, after a short illness, Peter Reilly, late of Dublin, aged 22 years.

Nov. 24, 1890, at Railyard, Castlecomer, Margaret, relict of the late Patrick Walker.

Nov. 26th, 1890, at 97 Stephen's green, South, Dublin, Louisa M., dearly beloved wife of E. M. Walsh, 12 South Richmond street.

Nov 23d, 1890, Mary Ann Archbold, Rungstown, Lusk.

Nov 20th, 1890, at Bruree, Co. Limerick, Patrick Hannan, aged 72 years, the only surviving brother of the late Right Rev. Dr. Hannan, archbishop of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Nov. 21st, 1890, at Averard, Galway, Elsie, the beloved daughter of the late Thomas Kyne, aged 18 years.

Nov. 23d, 1890, at 8 Goldsmith street, Dublin, Peter James M'Dermott, son of P. M'Dermott, Kilkenny, aged 26 years.

Nov 23d, 1890, at his residence, Marlinstown House, Mullingar, William Mackin, aged 59 years.

Nov. 23d, 1890, at his residence, Ballyrannel, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford, Mr. Thos. Barlow, aged 91 years.

Nov. 24th, 1890, at the residence of his mother, Glasslough street, Monaghan, Patrick, second son of Mrs. Bridget Garrity, aged 36 years.

Nov 24th, 1896, at his residence, High street, Trim, James Kelly, aged 30 years.

Nov. 25th, 1890, at Belco, Co. Fermanagh, Dr. J. A. M'Guire, late of 72 Camden street, Dublin, and brother of Rev. J. F. M'Guire, P. P., Inniskeen, Dundalk, aged 30 years.

Nov. 25th, 1890, at Newtown, Co. Dublin, Nathew Nolan, son of Jas. Nolan.

Nov. 23d, 1890, at Ballinaslaney, Oylegate, Enniscorthy, Mr. Henry O'Leary, aged 84 years.

Nov. 26, at 28 Lower Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, Sir William Carroll, M.D., J.P., at an advanced age.

Nov. 25, at Cooleanno, county Wicklow, Anne, relict of the late John Clare, at an advanced age.

Nov. 22, at No. 3 St. Joseph's terrace, Cork, Mrs. C. Cleburne.

Nov. 20, at his residence, Gurrane Lodge, Oranmore, Patrick Dooley, vice chairman Galway board of guardians, aged 64.

Nov. 25, at the residence of his son in law (Mr. P. J. Hughes, Keltimagh, county Mayo), Tarmas Hughes, merchant, aged 95 years.

Nov. 23, at No. 8 Goldsmith street, Dublin, Peter James, son of Ald. Peter McDermott, J. P., Ashfield House, Kilkenny.

Nov 27, at the residence of her aunt Mrs O'Toole, Prosperous, county Kildare, Lizzie, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Tighe, stationmaster, Limerick Junction.

Nov. 23, at his residence, Ballaboola House, New Ross, John A. Brown.

Nov. 23, at No. 114 North Strand, Dublin, Bryan J. Clancy, son of Michael Clancy, of Rathdowney.

Nov. 22, at No. 23 Aungier street, Dublin, James Desaix, son of the late Thomas Desaix, Wicklow.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love, of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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WORK OF THE FLAMES.

Illinois Central Car-Shops at Chicago Damaged.

A NUMBER OF COACHES DESTROYED.

The Fire Starts in the Paint and Repair Shops and Results in a Loss of About $100,000—Conflagration at Athol, Mass. —Several Firemen Badly Injured—Destruction of a Catholic Church at New York—Other Blazes.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—At 8:30 Sunday evening the watchman discovered fire starting in the paint and repair shops of the Illinois Central railroad, at the corner of Twenty-fifth street and South Park avenue. The shops, big frame structures, standing close together, extended nearly 200 feet south from the street. On the arrival of the first company of firemen the two big shops were burning fiercely. Flames were tearing through the roofs and shooting right and left with great piles of hard wood, lumber and timber that extends as far as the Scipp brewery in one direction and the company's main tracks in another. The lumber caught fire repeatedly. The conflagration gave out the impression that everything within the big yard was burning.

Passenger Coaches Destroyed.

Chief Swenie and his men did not pay much attention to the paint and repair shops. They were beyond salvation from the moment the fire started. The efforts of the firemen were concentrated on the lumber, because if that once began to burn in earnest it would be hard to save the towering buildings of the Scipp plant. The company's method of piling the lumber enabled the pipeman to save it from serious damage. There were sixteen passenger coaches in the two shops, twelve in the paint and four in the repair shop and every one of them was destroyed. The loss on rolling stock alone was at least $50,000. The burning buildings and the machinery in them were worth $50,000 more. Two hundred painters, carpenters and car builders will be out of employment until new shops can be built.

BLAZES ELSEWHERE.

Disastrous and Fatal Conflagration at Athol, Mass.

ATHOL, Mass., Dec. 22.—The most disastrous fire ever known in Athol occurred Sunday. The Masonic and Central blocks were completely destroyed, five merchants, the postoffice, masonic rooms, etc., being burned out. A. C. Porter, George Burnham, L. C. Perry and William Connor, of Orange, firemen, were seriously injured by falling walls; Perry probably fatally. Alexander McLeod, foreman of Star hose, fell thirty feet from a ladder, fracturing his skull. The property loss is $135,000; insurance, $75,000. Owing to the difficulty experienced in getting at the fire and the inflammable character of the buildings, aid was summoned from Gardner and Orange, the latter place promptly sending a steamer. The Commercial Union telegraph office was among the establishments destroyed.

Fire at Danbury, Conn.

DANBURY, Conn., Dec. 22.—Fire early Sunday morning burned the box factory of Green & Keefe, a two-story double house, with three barns adjoining, belonging to George Barnum, and the foundry and half of the machine shops of C. H. Reid. The fire was the work of an incendiary. The losses foot up about $35,000, and are partially covered by insurance. Fritz Real, who is known to be an Anarchist, has been arrested on suspicion. There have been many fires in this city lately. The people are greatly excited. The police have been increased and watchmen have been engaged to guard property.

Skating Rink Burned.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—The Casino roller skating rink at Twenty-fourth and State streets caught fire for some unknown reason at 6:30 o'clock Monday morning, causing a loss of $60,000. W. J. Wilson, the janitor, discovered the fire, and in trying to save his furniture was badly burned about the face and hands. He called for aid, and some citizens turned in an alarm. On the arrival of the fire marshal a call for apparatus was sent in. The loss on the building is estimated at $40,000, and the contents $20,000. No one seems to know the fire started.

Perished in the Flames.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Charles F. Foley, aged 50, was burned to death in his carpenter shop, 573 Main street, Cambridge, about 11 o'clock Sunday night. He was presumably asleep at the time, as it was his custom to sleep there. The fire is supposed to have originated from an overheated stove. The fire spread to a painter's place on the same floor. The police made an effort to rescue Foley, but were driven back by the flames and smoke. Before the fire was extinguished the firemen found Foley's charred and lifeless remains.

Church Destroyed by Fire.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—St. Bernard's Catholic church on Fourteenth street near Eighth avenue was totally destroyed by fire Monday morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. The loss is estimated at $75,000; insurance, $63,000. The church was built in 1875 at a cost, including the ground, of $150,000.

Counterfeit $5 Gold Piece.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.—The mint authorities here have discovered a counterfeit $5 gold piece, designed and executed with such remarkable skill that few of the experts can distinguish the spurious coins from the genuine. It differs from the true coin only in size, being slightly larger in diameter. In order to retire the spurious coin from circulation the mint officials will purchase the bogus coins at their face value and then destroy them. The counterfeits have an intrinsic value of $4.40.

Escaped for the Second Time.

SEDALIA, Mo., Dec. 22.—John O. Turlington, the murderer of Sheriff Cranmer, of Cooper county, made his escape for the second time from the Boonville jail at midnight Sunday night by sawing through the bars of his cell and climbing to the roof. He took Sheriff Hombreck's horse and rode to Otterville, thirteen miles distant, where he was captured Sunday afternoon.

Will Dispense with Paid Officials.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—A circular has been issued which informs the branches of the Irish National league in Great Britain that, owing to the financial position in which the league finds itself, the services of most of the paid officials of the organization will be dispensed with.

ATE A SQUARE MEAL.

Succi Finishes His Fast and Proceeds to Fill Up.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—When Sig. Succi arose from sleep Sunday after a long slumber, which he fell into soon after his feat was ended at 8:10 Saturday night, an elaborate meal was placed before him. He ate with extraordinary relish. Following is the menu: Anchovies with butter, chicken soup with rice, fried smelts, fried calves' brains, quail on toast, cocoa pudding, fruit, confections, ice cream, coffee, and a pint of wine. Succi occupied two hours in consuming the food placed before him. He never faltered, but ate with a zest that puzzled even George Francis Train, who was present at Succi's feast. Julian Hawthorne and the poet, Stephen Massett, were also present when the faster dined. At the conclusion of Succi's meal he was made the recipient of a handsome toothpick. Soon after his dinner he retired for a nap preparatory to his trip to Boston.

Provisions for the Destitute.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—The steamer Magnet, loaded with meal, potatoes and other government stores, has sailed from Portsmouth for Galway. On arriving at the latter port, the steamer's cargo will be unloaded and the provisions hurried forward to the various famine-stricken districts of western Ireland. The government has ordered that the steamers Sea Shore, Britomarte and Grappler, which have been engaged in work similar to that now being performed by the Magnet, be for three months longer continued in the service for the transportation to Ireland of food supplies.

The Woman Deserted Him.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—A young San Franciscan, named Frank Goodwin, while in New York last June became acquainted with Mrs. G. Fairman, an engaging blonde widow, whom he finally induced to come west with him. He represented her as his wife, fitted up a flat on which he spent $2,500 and maintained her sumptuously. Saturday he found on his return from a brief business trip she had sold the furniture and departed for New York. She carried considerable jewelry and $500 in cash.

Walked in Her Sleep.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 22.—At 2 o'clock Sunday morning a police officer saw a young girl dressed in her night clothes and barefooted in the freezing air standing at the corner of Fifteenth and Carson streets. She turned out to be Louise Liebendefer, aged 19, who was sleep-walking. The girl had walked down the Knoxville incline on the icy ties—a sheer 1,000 feet of almost perpendicular hight. The girl acknowledged she was in love with a young man and was going to him.

Verdict of a Mississippi Jury.

HERNANDO, Miss., Dec. 22.—Some time ago H. R. C. Foster, an attorney of this place, killed C. R. Brice, another attorney, because of a difficulty over Foster's wife. After investigating the case the grand grand jury has declined to return any indictment against Foster, on the ground that he "acted the part of a sensible and sane man, who vindicated the law and acted in accordance with the sentiments of every honorable, brave, true, noble, and virtuous man."

It Might Have Been Worse.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 22.—A narrow escape from a serious wreck and attendant loss of life occurred on the Saratoga division of the Delaware and Hudson road between 12 and 1 o'clock Monday morning. As the Montreal sleeper passed Ballston it dashed into a freight standing on a switch, knocking several cars off the track and smashing two of the sleepers. Fortunately no one was injured.

Accident to a Motor Car.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 22.—The motor car of an electric train on the Harvey Street line jumed the track at the foot of a heavy grade on Twenty fifth street, Sunday morning, ran across the pavement, over the sidewalk and landed against a clay bank, where it toppled on its side. Mrs. O. Hanlon, aged 70, was severely and probably fatally hurt. Two or three others were less injured.

A New War on Oleomargarine.

ROCHVILLE, Conn., Dec. 22.—The Connecticut Dairymen's association at a meeting in this place last week unanimously decided that it is the duty of the legislature at its approaching session to pass an ironclad statue providing that all oleomargarine must hereafter be painted pink. It was also decided that the association must work systematically in seeking the decided legislation.

Wanted Somebody to Shoot Him.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 22.—David Belshaw, aged 30, had both legs cut off below the knees Sunday afternoon by falling under a moving train. He was picked up and carried into the baggage room, where he regained consciousness, and on looking down at the bleeding limbs exclaimed: "For God's sake, will some one shoot me." He will probably recover.

An Unusual Thing on the Thames.

LONDON, D. c. 22.—The unusual spectacle of skating on the upper Thames is now being witnessed, and has added a much enjoyed feature to the holiday season. The winter is the stormiest for a decade in England, but the facilities it affords for sleighing and skating go far to make up for the discomforts of such a season in other respects.

One Hundred Lives Lost.

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 22.—A disaster has occurred at Cordova, where the canal has burst its embankments and destroyed hundreds of houses. One hundred lives are reported to be lost. Gen. Roca, the minister of the interior, has gone to the scene to superintend measures of relief.

A Clergyman Does from Drink.

BUTTE, Mont., Dec. 22.—Rev. John Young, a Presbyterian clergyman, was found dead in bed at the Clarence hotel Sunday morning. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death resulted from heart disease, due to excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.

Natural Gas in Illinois.

LAMOILLE, Ills., Dec. 22.—Within the last month a number of gas wells have been sunk here and ten are now in successful operation, supplying heat for the school and private houses, at a pressure of from ten to twenty-six pounds.

Plenty of Ice for Next Summer.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—With the week closed Saturday night the ice harvest in many parts of Massachusetts was the largest for years so early in the winter. The ice is from ten to thirteen inches thick in different localities.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

A Large Meeting of Anti-Parnellites Held at Kilkenny.

KILKENNY, Dec. 20.—The anti-Parnellites held a meeting here Saturday. There was a very large attendance. The people trooped in from the country and swelled the ranks of the McCarthyites. The Parnellites were present, too, in force and made themselves heard and felt. The speakers were frequently interrupted and at times could not be heard at all, so great was the uproar and confusion. Although there was plenty of bad blood on both sides no breach of the peace occurred. The constabulary were on the ground and instantly checked any attempt at violence. The fact, too, that a regiment of troops was within call tended to assist the police in keeping order.

The Stuff in Parnell's Eyes.

DUBLIN, Dec. 20.—The Freeman's Journal says: "The priests who were present at the Castle Comer meeting at which Mr. Parnell was assaulted say that it was mud not lime that was thrown into Parnell's eyes," and then asks, "How do they know that?" The Journal continues: "It is not creditable for them to be mixed up in outrages of this kind, but since it is notorious that they were connected with the affair they ought either to have examined the stuff from Parnell's eyes or to have respected the declaration of his doctors as to what the substance was."

Timothy Harrington in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Dec. 20.—Timothy Harrington, the only member of the Irish delegation to the United States who remained faithful to the political fortunes of Parnell, arrived at Queenstown Saturday from New York on the Cunard steamer Aurania. A great throng of people had assembled to welcome the returning commoner. As soon as the tender had landed Harrington, he was at once made the recipient of a most enthusiastic ovation.

May Reopen the O'Shea Case.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—In consequence of statements made in Parnell's speeches, the queen's proctor is reviewing all the documents in the O'Shea case, and the evidence of Capt. O'Shea, with a view to ascertaining whether there should be an interference by the crown.

THE INDIAN SITUATION.

The Friendly Redskins Will Try to Bring in the Hostiles.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 20.—The Journal's Rapid City, S. D., special says: Gen. Miles has received advices from Gen. Brooke that 500 friendly Indians left Pine Ridge to attempt to bring in the hostiles. Dispatches from Lieut. Col. Drum, at Fort Yates, announce that the Indians there are quiet. Thirty-nine of Sitting Bull's Indians, who left the agency on Monday, have sent in word that they will return. This leaves not over seventy on the reservation. Gen Carr has thrown out a cavalry force to intercept the band now reported moving across the reservation to the Bad Lands.

Big Foot and Hump Surrender.

If the force fails to intercept them they will be pursued and arrested. Gen. Miles says that no advance would be made until the result of the Pine Ridge embassy is known. Big Foot and Hump have surrendered and returned to the agency. No Indians except the band mentioned are now going to the hostiles and the cordon is constantly tightening. Gen. Miles discredits the report of a large band of Indians in the vicinity of Camp Crook in the Little Missouri river. No further engagements are reported from the lower ranches. The government herd has been located on Alkali creek and a force of twenty men have gone to round it up.

The Kickapoos Are Uneasy.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Dec. 20.—Mr. Snyder, agent of the Kickapoo Indians in Indian territory has written to his son Henry in this city, that 1,000 Kickapoo warriors have had a dance near the eastern line of Oklahoma, and that for three days and nights they have had their ponies ready for action. They are well armed and the settlers are frightened. If the Indians attempt mischief Capt. Stiles will send troops here.

WERE ONLY SKIRMISHING.

No Serious Engagement Between Indians and Soldiers.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 19.—A special to The Journal from Rapid City, S. D., says: The reports of engagements between troops and Indians at Daly's ranch and other points are false. There have been three skirmishes between Col. M. H. Day's command of settlers and cowboys, numbering fifty men, and the hostiles. The last one, on Tuesday, was a hot one. The Indians attempted to burn the hay stacks at Daly's ranch, but were driven off by Col. Day and ten men.

Movements of Indians.

A band of 150 hostiles are moving westward, fifty miles north of here in Butte county. Eighty men of the Ninth cavalry and sixty Cheyenne scouts under Capt. Moore have been sent after them. Several companies of the Seventeenth cavalry now at Fort Russell, under Col. Mizner, will arrive at Hermosa soon. Gen. Miles received dispatches from Gen. Carr, whose camp is forty five miles southeast of here, showing that everything is quiet there. The Indians camped in the Little Missouri country, north of Minnesilla, are thought to be Sitting Bull's band.

A Fellow Who Looks Like Bismarck.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—It was rumored in Paris Friday that Prince Bismarck had arrived in the city, and was stopping at the Grand hotel. It was found, on investigation, that the frontier police had reported the passage of the German ex-chancellor, but it turned out that they had made a mistake, the stranger being in reality a Russian who bore a strong resemblance to Bismarck.

Safe Crackers at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.—Two safes were burglarized Friday night in the Dennison hotel block. They belonged respectively to P. F. Collier, book publisher, and M. C. Buxbaum, shoe dealer. The safes were broken open by means of dynamite. The total loss is about $6,000 in cash and bonds. The noise was heard in the hotel, but the guests thought that men were at work making some repairs.

Robbed the County of $34,000.

LINCOLN, Neb. Dec. 20.—An investigation into the accounts of Carl Korth, treasurer of Pierre count, revealed a shortage in the county funds of $34,000. Korth was arrested at Norfolk yesterday on a charge of embezzlement. He has turned over his property to his bondsmen.

CONDITION OF TRADE

As Reviewed by R. G. Dun & Co.'s Agency.

LARGE BUSINESS FOR THE SEASON,

But There Is Also Perceptible a Less Feeling of Confidence—Money Is Easier but Collections Are Slow — A Downward Tendency in the Speculative Markets—A Heavy Business Being Done at Chicago—Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Business continues large for the season, but there is perceptible a less feeling of confidence. The causes appear to be: 1. Prospect of important monetary legislation, the effects of which are not clearly foreseen. 2. Frequent failures and greater difficulties in making collections. 3. Less satisfactory conditions in some large branches of industry. Probably more people are affected as to business undertakings, often unconsciously, by uncertainty about financial legislation and its effects than by any other cause. Though the rate for money on call is lower than a week ago, and money is easier at Boston and Philadelphia, there is still stringency at most points throughout the country. Complaints of slow collections have rarely been more general, and in many cases settlements can be made only with notes or renewals. But in all quarters there is hope that after Jan. 1 things may improve in this respect if legislative prospects do not meanwhile cause greater shrinkage of credits and curtailment of purchases.

Imports and Exports.

Foreign influences are not now disturbing. Exports of products for two weeks of December from New York show a gain of 8 per cent. over last year, and the total last December was hardly ever surpassed. Though imports continue heavy, they are greatly exceeded by exports at present. Exports of cotton thus far this month exceed last year, and also of provisions, but there is a heavy decrease in grain, caused by speculative prices here. Trade at the south is fair at most points reporting, considered healthy at New Orleans, with larger cotton receipts; dull at Memphis, but more confident at Little Rock; slightly improved at Montgomery, and good at Nashville; less confident at Jacksonville, and at Atlanta accumulations of cotton are large. Money is very close at all points, banks helping customers as far as they can, but collections are not average. Across the Mississippi St. Louis has colder weather, favoring all lines of trade, but at Kansas City holiday trade is below average; at Denver the trade is only fair; at Salt Lake improving some, at Omaha fair; at Minneapolis steady for lumber and improving in prices for flour; and at St. Paul confidence is returning. Collections in this region are at most points fair.

Confidence in the Future.

At Chicago receipts of wheat and wool are a third below last year's, of hides larger, and of other products about the same. Sales of merchandise exceed last year's. Money is firm, but regular business is supplied, and there is confidence in the immediate future. At Milwaukee and Detroit the trade is good, at Cleveland fair, and at Cincinnati very quiet in wholesale lines. Pittsburg reports more confidence. Trade in manufactured iron and in glass is slower, and Bessemer blooms are lower. Banks are less apprehensive but cautious. Confidence improves at Boston, with good sales of merchandise. Though money is easier at Philadelphia, the noteworthy feature is the general difficulty of collections, especially in iron, paints, oils, jewelry and glass. Trade is fair in all these lines, and glass plates are stiffer, but lower prices are expected in wool, and the demand for tobacco is light. The anthracite coal trade is demoralized, and restrictions of output do not restrict, a general break-up of the combination being apprehended.

The Speculative Markets.

Iron shows no improvement at Philadelphia or here. The demand for finished products generally is slacker, and the closing of more furnaces is likely to be forced. Copper is unsettled, but tin is a shade stronger at 20.85 cents, and lead at 4.10 cents. The dry goods trade feels the influence of recent failures, and of stringency in commercial loans. In the speculative markets the tendency has generally been downward, though wheat is 1 7-8 cents higher than a week ago, in spite of phenomenally small exports and accumulating stocks. Corn is 2 1-8 cents lower, pork 75 cents per barrel, hogs 45 cents per 100 pounds, and oil a fraction lower. Cotton and coffee are unchanged for the week. But it is noteworthy that the speculative markets are all hesitating, in the feeling that monetary legislation may indefinitely alter the situation. Hence largely increased immediate supplies of money, by imports of gold and treasury disbursements, have less effect than might be expected. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 404, as compared with 334 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 342.

The Owen Bros.' Failure.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 20.—The assignees of Owen Bros. have furnished the following statement to the press: The gross indebtedness direct and indirect of Owen Bros. is about $1,000,000, with assets of shares in the Atlantic and St. Croix mills; St. Croix notes and amounts due them from St. Croix mill on account of loans and the real estate of George Owen, Jr. The value of assets it is impossible to state at this time. The debts direct and indirect of George Owen, Sr., are from $450,000 to $500,000, with assets of real estate and shares in banks, etc., valued at about $400,000; shares in Atlantic and St. Croix mills and all interest in the firm of G. S. Owen & Co. A large proportion of George Owen's, Sr., indebtedness, is included in that of Owen Bros.' on endorsements.

Fought Stanley and Is Dead.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—James Quilter's Universal Review has collapsed, but it goes down fighting. The first number contains a partisan article by Quilter at Henry M. Stanley in an article indicting Stanley on twenty-nine charges of cruelty, mismanagement, treachery, and other faults.

World's Fair Proclamation.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 20.—The president will issue the World's fair proclamation very soon. Representative Butterworth, the secretary of the board of managers, and Mr. Peck, the agent of the board, saw the president Saturday morning and convinced him that the subscriptions were satisfactory.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The city council of Carthage, Ills., has taken away the permits of Carthage druggists to sell liquors even on a physician's prescription. This action was caused by a petition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

William Degan, the consumptive patient who was taken to Berlin from the United States, was admitted to a hospital Monday, and will be treated with Professor Koch's remedy.

The aggregate stock of wheat in the northwest is reported as 20,998,763 bushels, a gain over last week of 965,692 bushels.

Monday night at Washington Miss Elena Porter, daughter of Admiral Porter, was married to Charles H. Campbell, U. S. A.

It is thought that a case of leprosy exists at Defiance, Iowa. A committee from the state board of health was sent to investigate, but the patient fled and has not since been found.

James P. Kittson, of Erdenheim, Pa., married Miss Minnie Cool, of Faribault, Minn., Monday. The ceremony took place at the Faribault cathedral.

A mortgage for $16,000,000, executed by the Union Pacific railroad in favor of Edwin O. Morgan and Oakes Ames, was filed at Fremont, Neb., Monday.

The simultaneous disappearance of John Barry, a married man, of Mount Sterling, Ills., and Miss Dollie Johnson is exciting comment at that place.

The Lorillard Brick Works company, of New York and Keyport, N. J., has gone into the hands of a receiver. The liabilities were $1,000,000 and the assets $1,500,000.

The women of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial association met in Columbia, S. C., last Saturday, and formally passed resolutions of thanks to such members of the legislature as stood by Wade Hampton in the late senatorial election.

Four fishermen of Cross Village, Mich., were drowned by the capsizing of their boat during a storm Sunday.

John Jones, a brakemen on the Milwaukee road, was thrown under the wheels and cut to pieces at Salem, Wis., Monday.

Traffic on the Seine and the Loire is suspended on account of ice. The weather throughout France is unusually severe.

The strike in the Union Pacific yards at Ogden, Utah, ended Monday in a victory for the company. None of the old hands were re-employed.

Arabs of New York will form a syndicate and engage in silk growing and fruit raising in this country. Land will be purchased in either Pennsylvania or Arizona.

The Cadwallader Tile and Brick works at Fostoria, Ohio, burned Monday, causing a loss of $50,000, partly insured.

The visible supply Saturday, as compiled by the New York produce exchange, was of wheat 25,180,150 bushels, an increase of 616,316 bushels, and of corn 1,820,469 bushels, a decrease of 457,916 bushels.

The total number of children of school age in the state of Illinois according to the annual report of the superintendent of public instruction is 1,163,440; total enrollment of scholars, 778,319; teachers, 23,164.

Stanley refused his autograph to the autograph-collecting pages of the United States senate.

When people at the celebration dedicatory of The New York World building asked where was the proprietor, they were told that Mr. Pulitzer sailed for Europe that morning, broken in health and totally blind.

Michael Gleason, charged with assault on his stepdaughter, was arrested some time ago at Grand Rapids, Mich. Tuesday he died from the effects of confinement.

A heavy snow was falling throughout East Tennessee Tuesday night.

Burglars took $1,000 worth of silks from a store at Wabash, Ind., Tuesday.

James R. Rawlins, the venerable father of the late Gen. John A. Rawlins, who resides in Jo Daviess county, celebrated Tuesday his 90th birthday. His wife, to whom he has been married sixty-three years, is two years her husband's junior.

J. C. Gillespie, treasurer of Boone county, Miss., has been discovered to be short $20,000 in his accounts and has made over his property to his bondsmen.

Twelve hundred miners and laborers at Rock Springs, Wyo., mines of the Union Pacific road, struck Tuesday upon being notified that hereafter they would be paid by the hour, the company adopting the measure to forestall an eight-hour day.

Southern Utes in Colorado are reported to be making trouble, and Governor Cooper has been petitioned to hold the militia in readiness to quell any outbreak.

A meeting of the Irish-American citizens of Baltimore adopted resolutions indorsing Parnell.

The village council of Green Isle, Minn., has been indicted for employing all the saloon keepers in town as policemen simply to assist them to pay their licenses.

The Silver Glance mine near Port Arthur, Ont., has been sold to an English syndicate for $18,000 cash.

The steamer Ohio of the Memphis and Cincinnati line sunk at a point 130 miles above Memphis Tuesday.

The differences between the employes and employers at the Monongah mines near Fairmont, W. Va., have been settled and the works will resume operations.

At East Jordan, Mich., Tuesday Frank Kyder was instantly killed while chopping wood. An iron wedge sprung out of a log, striking him in the neck, cutting the arteries.

Anthony Campbell, of Chicago, finished a four years' term in the state reform school at Pontiac Tuesday. As soon as he gained his liberty he was arrested for burglarizing a store in Flanagan, Ills., two years ago.

Tom Guthrie, who rented a farm in Kansas of a loan company, which had secured possession by foreclosing a mortgage, was forcibly evicted Tuesday night by a mob of farmers.

During the first eleven months of the present year California shipped to the east 77,503,240 pounds of canned goods, 41,288,440 pounds of dried fruit, 86,280,500 pounds of fresh fruit and 24,450,970 pounds of raisins.

Will Bowerfind, member of the firm of Bowerfind Bros., cracker manufacturers at Adrian, Mich., slipped and thrust his left arm into the heavy gearing of the cracker machine, crushing the entire forearm to a pulp.

Forty one saloon keepers were indicted at Keokuk, Iowa, Wednesday after fourteen days' investigation.

Dr. Robertson, one of the oldest physicians in Cass county, Mich., died at his residence at Dowagiac, Wednesday.

Governor Steele, of Oklahoma, Wednesday returned the Kinfisher capital bill without his approval. He also warned the legislature that he would consider nothing further of that nature.

The recently completed hotel and offices of the Illinois Central railroad at Mounds Junction, Ills., burned Wednesday morning, causing a loss of $10,000.

Mrs. A. D. Griswold, at Ovid, Mich., has brought suit against J. V. Rolon, a saloon keeper, for $10,000 damages for selling her husband whisky and causing his death.

Two young women were killed by a train Thursday night at a station at Somerville, Mass.

The Idaho legislature on Thursday elected three United States senators: Governor Shoup and W. J. McConnell, for the short terms ending respectively March 4, 1891, and March 4, 1893; and Fred T. Dubois for the full term beginning March 4 next.

The Delaware Refining company at Lima, Ohio, has been sold to the Standard company. This leaves only two independent refining companies in operation outside of the Standard.

Thursday evening at Sioux City, Iowa, John Erickson and David Green got into an altercation over a 25 cent finger ring, Erickson stabbed Green, literally disembowling him.

Elmer Sharkey and Henry Popp were hanged in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus between 12 and 1 o'clock Friday morning. Isaac Smith was to have been executed at the same time, but received a further respite from the governor.

Thursday evening during a quarrel John Rose, a saloon keeper at Athens, Ohio, struck Lee Davis on the head with a beer glass and killed him. Rose was arrested.

Powers Bros., of Shadeland, Pa., Thursday sold the stallion St. Vincent, record 2:30, 6 years old, to Clark & Book, Newcastle, Pa., for $15,000.

At Kemp, Ohio, Thursday night, three men robbed the safe at the Chicago and Erie station of several hundred dollars, and compelled the agent to give up his watch and $50. They escaped.

Robert Hendrickson was arrested at Normal, Ills., Thursday, charged with refusing to answer the question of a census enumerator and with assaulting that official.

The steamer Majestic brought to New York Thursday from London $2,202,500 in gold.

Mrs. Jessie Higbee, 23 years old, was arrested at Brandenburg, Ky., Thursday, for poisoning her four children. She is believed to be crazy.

The corporate existence of the First National bank of Saginaw, Mich., has been extended to Dec. 22, 1910.

The Empress Eugenie is reported to be a heavy loser by the recent depreciation in South American securities, as she had invested very largely in them.

A contract was let Friday at Chino, Cal., for a sugar beet factory with a capacity of 350 tons of beets daily and to cost over $300,000 and to be completed before Aug. 1 next.

Fire at Kansas City, Mo., Friday destroyed the annex of the Union depot and the grandstand of the Exposition Driving park.

The health of Governor-elect Winans, of Michigan, is improving.

The late Gen. Terry was a brother of Rose Terry Cooke, the well-known writer.

George Weiser has lived twenty years at Yankton, S. D., under the assumed name of Charles L. Offler, whose discharge papers from the civil war he is said to have stolen. He has been arrested and has confessed.

Dr. Koch's lymph is reported to be selling at Berlin at 60 per drop.

E. J. Post, of Amboy, Ills., hanged himself Friday. He was despondent from financial reverses.

Mr. Michels, an old settler who lived near Belgium, Wis., was found dead in the woods Friday by some of his neighbors.

The second edition of the "Life of Roscoe Conkling," which was to contain some of his speeches, forensic and senatorial, will not be issued. The widow of Senator Conkling is opposed to it.

Zoe Gaston, who is walking from San Francisco to New York, passed through Council Bluffs, Iowa, Friday, 229 miles ahead of her schedule time.

Mrs. Washington Anderson, over 90 years old, was burned at Dubuque, Iowa, Friday. It is said that she was the last representative of the family of Gen. George Washington.

A revival has been in progress near Bowen, Ills., for some weeks past. Over 100 have been converted.

At New Orleans Friday Thomas Duffy, the newspaper carrier who shot at one of the Italian prisoners charged with the murder of Chief of Police Hennessey, was convicted of wounding, less than mayhem, the maximum penalty for which is two years' imprisonment.

J. A. Austin, a brakeman, was making a coupling at Continental, Ohio, Friday, when the pin broke, one piece entering his abdomen and causing death in half an hour.

At the request of its officers a receiver was appointed Friday for the Minneapolis Mutual Fire Insurance company. No losses will be paid.

Horses in Kansas and Missouri are dying of a strange epidemic.

Friday night at St. Paul, in a fight for the heavy-weight championship of the northwest, between Pat Killen and Joe Sheeny, Killen was awarded the fight on a foul.

The track of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad was completed to Deadwood, S. D., Friday. It is proposed to celebrate the event on the 25th inst. by driving gold, silver and tin spikes.

DOWN THROUGH A BRIDGE.

Frightful Railway Disaster in Canada—Five People Killed.

QUEBEC, Can., Dec. 18.—Word was received from St. Joseph De Levis to the effect that the west bound Halifax express went through the bridge at that place shortly before noon Thursday. The entire train, excepting the baggage car and engine, went down. A number of passengers were killed and many others injured. As soon as the news of the disaster reached the city, a number of physicians crossed the river and went down on a special train to the scene of the disaster. The dead are five in number. Their names are: Dionne, Garvin, Blais, Belaire and Winner. The latter was news agent on the road.

Thirteen Chinamen Captured.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Dec. 19.—Thirteen Chinamen were captured near Dungeness, while trying to smuggle their way into the United States. They resisted arrest, and one of them was killed by Inspector Fenn. Chinamen here say they will call the attention of the government to the killing. The inspector's superior officers hold him blameless.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Crystal Slipper."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Gilmore Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—"Die Muenchner."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"An Irish Arab."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fairies' Well."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—The Vaidis Sisters.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"The Still Alarm."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Held by the Enemy."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

TO OUR READERS.

Owing to pressure on our space, because of full short-hand report of Parnell's great Dublin speech, and also the report of the Chicago meeting, we are obliged this week to omit much editorial matter and genesal news.

THE NORTH KILKENNY SKIRMISH.

The election in North Kilkenny has gone against Mr. Parnell's candidate for parliament, Mr. Vincent Scully, who contributes $3,000 a year out of his private resources to the Irish campaign fund. Let us not, therefore, conclude that Ireland has deserted Parnell. The fight in Kilkenny was only a skirmish. The disfranchised masses of the people, akin to the forty shilling free holders of the Clare election times, were with him almost to a man. One thousand eight hundred voters distracted by conflicting counsels, loving Parnell devoutly, and, on the other hand, hating to go against the advice of Davitt and the priests, abstained from voting. Had they cast their ballots, according to the dictates of conscience, Hennessy would have been badly defeated. Davitt and the priests unquestionably exercised great sway over the public mind, particularly among the mining class, which is plentiful in North Kilkenny, and among the more prosperous class of farmers, who are generally timid and conservative.

But the devotion of the body of the people to Parnell is unquestionable. Even after the battle went against him, both Davitt and Healy were subjected to rough usage at the hands of "the boys" of "Kilkenny Town," who have ever been true to the national cause. It is regrettable that the Catholic clergy should have taken the field against Parnell's candidate. The strange thing about the matter is that Mr. Parnell himself, at the outset of his remarkable career, invited the priests to come to the front of politics in Ireland, from which they had been retired by the Fenian movement. Michael Davitt, it is well known, is hostile to priestly interference in politics, but he did not hesitate to take advantage of its influence in his fight against Mr. Parnell. The latter has suffered because of his chivalry toward the clergy. Had he been hostile to them in the days when no man in Ireland, outside the common enemy, would have disputed his word, they would not have been in a position to outflank him in North Kilkenny the other day. Such is gratitude in politics.

The alarmists, who claim that the Irish Parliamentary party is hopelessly disrupted, are making an incorrect calculation. If anything worth having is ever offered Ireland by any British premier, Tory or Whig, how can the followers of McCarthy, any more than the followers of Parnell, afford to vote against it? Supposing that Salisbury should bring in a liberal bill of what is called Home Rule, would Mr. McCarthy dare refuse it, because Mr. Parnell might support the measure? Practically the eighty six votes of the Irish party may be calculated as being solid for Ireland. The present excited state of feeling will soon settle down, both in Ireland and in the United States, and the people will begin to see that the situation is not so bad after all. Mr. Parnell will head his section of the Irish party with all of his old time ability, and more than his usual energy. Mr. McCarthy will lead his section in the Saxon house of commons, but neither section of the Irish party dare vote against the interests of Ireland. If either section should prefer spite to country, the Irish constituencies would relegate every member of it to private life.

There are rumors in the air that some of the McCarthy members are anxious to get into office when Gladstone returns to power, if he ever does. THE CITIZEN does not believe in them. Pope Hennesey, the recently elected member from North Kilkenny, is about the only man that might be open to doubt, and even he would hardly dare to defy Irish public opinion by pursuing so dishonorable a course. Tim Healy, whatever his faults of temper, and violations of good taste, would never so far disgrace himself as to accept office at the price of treason to his his country.

THE CITIZEN is distinctly of opinion that Mr. Parnell should avoid staking his fortunes on single election contests, because they do not sufficiently indicate the true feeling of the Irish people. When the general election comes off, Parnell's enemies will not be able to concentrate their efforts in a single small district. But we are inclined to believe that the leaders on both sides will soon come to some honorable understanding, and that matters will proceed as smoothly as before the great difficulty arose.

The election in Kilkenny has decided nothing, but it has illustrated the fact that the franchise must be still further extended in Ireland before the popular will can be entirely manifested. Thousands of Irishmen—men of intelligence and patriotism—are still denied the privilege of the ballot. Manhood suffrage, no matter what its enemies may say to the contrary, is a glorious institution. The alleged drawbacks of the system are more than compensated by the freedom and independence which it confers on the humblest citizen. It is the proud foundation of our American liberty, and its extension to Ireland would be a powerful means of educating her people up to the high standard of political independence which can alone make "a nation free and grand."

Looking calmly over the field, THE CITIZEN arrives at the conclusion that the North Kilkenny fight was, after all, but an "affair of outposts." Parnell has still a large and potent following in and out of parliament. In America, we think it no exaggeration to say, the majority of the Irish population are zealously, unchangeably, his friends. The demonstration at Battery D, in this city, last Monday evening was a splendid illustration of his popularity among the Irish masses. Nothing was said or done at that noble gathering to inflame the passions of Irishmen against each other. Men who differed diametrically from each other on many subjects were found there united on the issue of doing honor to the man who had done the best that in him lay, "according to his lights," to lift the yoke of slavery from off the galled neck of his country. If Mr. Parnell should come to America he will receive the greatest ovation that has ever been given to an Irish leader on this side of the Atlantic.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF CERTAIN "AMERICAN" EDITORS.

A very large number of, presumably, honest American editors have been claiming, for many years, that "the Irish" are a "priest ridden" race. In a certain sense—the spiritual sense—"the Irish" respect their priests; but as to being "priest ridden" in the secular sense, a majority of them can truthfully enter the plea of "not guilty." But, if the noble "Yankee" editor honestly believes that the Irish are "priest ridden," how can he consistently explain his attitude in regard to the recent North Kilkenny campaign? There, the Irish National Protestant leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, was opposed by a majority of Catholic priests of that district, yet the noble and enlightened "Yankee" editor sustained the priests as against Parnell. Now if the Irish are "priest ridden;" if North Kilkenny proclaims the alleged fact, what right has the intelligent and broad minded (?) "Yankee" editor to growl? Did he not help the priestly foot into the stirrup? Did he not do all in his power to keep the Irish people in the attitude of being sacerdotally straddled?

Yet the "Yankee" editor, next week, or so, will come out with a loud, long and persistent howl against "the Irishman's subserviency to the priests!" What a noble character the "Yankee" editor is! He denounces, in and out of season, the Irish Catholic's moral cowardice in regard to the priests; and yet, to serve a purpose, he does all that may lie in his power to make the Irish people just the kind of slaves he would wish them to be. How many American papers denounced priestly interference in the North Kilkenny election? We should like to have a list of them. Did any leading American journal denounce it? We trow not. Why? Because the priests, as a class, were on the side of the Whig interest in Ireland. The "Yankee" editors, who can justify the moral, or physical, efforts of any other race than the Irish to shake off a foreign yoke, thinks that our race should be contented with the empty promises of Gladstone. They adore Gladstone, because he is a matter of words, and knows how to flatter a people, many of whom have hardly, after a lapse of more than a century, ceased to be British provincialists. Gladstone—the bitter enemy of the Union—the man who subscribed $20 000 to rend the American republic in twain, is one of the idols of the "American" editors today. But the American people, *en masse*, are of a different mood. They believe that Parnell represents the true national sentiment of Ireland—as far as he goes—and they have a contempt for alleged "leaders of public opinion," in this country, who virtually shout "To —— with the Pope!" one day, and stand by papal influence in Ireland the next.

MORE ABOUT ART, KING OF LEINSTER.

Some readers of THE CITIZEN having been interested in the article entitled "A Real Irish Hero," that appeared in its columns several weeks ago, are anxious to hear more about the hero mentioned—Art MacMurrough, the last king of Leinster. As was stated in the article referred to, our Irish annals are exceedingly unsatisfactory in their references to the last and noblest of Ireland's really independent rulers; and there is hardly a doubt but that many and valuable records of his reign and his exploits have been lost beyond hope of recovery. His long reign of more than forty years was such an extraordinary succession of victories over the English, and Anglo Irish, that there seems good reason for thinking that the English authorities destroyed as many documents as they could lay hands on, that told of his exploits and victories, whether those documents were in Irish or in English. When the enormous English force that was brought to oppose Art, king of Leinster, is thought of, and the fact that he was able to hold his own against them, his career becomes one of the most extraordinary things connected with military affairs, of which history tells us. Richard the Second made two expeditions into Ireland; the Four Masters only mention the one of 1394, but Richard had been in Ireland previously. The Irish annals do not say what number of men he brought to Ireland with him; but the English annals give minute details of his force. The total number of soldiers that Richard brought with him on both expeditions was 60 000 This the English writers frankly admit. There is, however, good reason to believe that an almost constant stream of troops was poured into Ireland during nearly the entire reign of Richard the Second. His hands were free from foreign wars, for France was a conquered country; the English possessed more than half of it, and the parts not in their power were so demoralized as not to be able to offer any resistance to the invaders. Joan of Arc had not yet seen the light, and the English had it all their own way in France. That country had been absolutely conquered by a smaller force than Richard the Second brought against one Irish province, and the smallest in Ireland; but so far from that province having been conquered by that, for those times, enormous army, its king, MacMurrough, was not only not deposed and dethroned, but finished his days in quiet possession of the then second city in Ireland, New Ross, in the county Wexford.

One of the most curious poems ever written in Ireland may be seen in the third volume of the "Irish National Manuscripts." It is an account of the fortifying of New Ross by its English inhabitants about the year 1298 The poem is in Norman French, and it will be published in English by THE CITIZEN as soon as an opportunity can be had to copy it. From this poem it would appear that New Ross was a place of so much importance at the close of the thirteenth century that the Irish residents of the vicinity used sometimes to take it into their heads to plunder it, and generally received immense booty. But the citizens determined to put a stop to the plundering; they all commenced the work of fortifying the city, and in a few months, with the assistance of young and old, rich and poor, men and women working day and night, they raised a wall around New Ross three miles in circumference, and defended with all the towers and extra works known to the military engineers of the period. D'Arcy McGee in his life of Art MacMurrough gives a translation of part of this curious poem:

"Twenty feet that pass was deep,
And a league in length doth creep;
When the noble work is done,
Watchmen then there needeth none:
All may sleep in peace and quiet
Without fear of evil riot.
Fifty thousand might attack
And return them booties back.
Warlike stores there are enough
Bold assailant to rebuff.
We have hauberks many a one,
Salvage, gorcon, haubergeon,
Doublets too, and coats of mail,
Yew boys good withouten fail;
In no city have I seen
So many good glaives, I ween."

But the great defenses of New Ross were of no use, for Art took it in 1394 according to the Four Masters. They say that he burned it with its houses and its castles, and carried away from it gold, silver and hostages. He must, however, have taken it again, for he lived in it for many years before his death, which took place there in 1417, of which the Four Masters say, "Art, the son of Art, Lord of Leinster, a man who defended his own province against the English and (Anglo) Irish from his 16th to his 60th year; a man full of hospitality, knowledge and chivalry, a man full of prosperity and royalty; the enricher of churches and monasteries by his alms and offerings, died after having been forty two years in the lordship of Leinster."

Art first took New Ross in 1394, in spite of its being by far the strongest and best fortified city in Ireland; but his second taking of it is not mentioned in any existing Irish annal. Take it a second time, he certainly did, and made it his residence until his death.

Art MacMurrough's having defeated the largest English force ever landed in Ireland, his having defeated them without any aid from the other Irish provinces, his having twice taken New Ross in spite of its great fortifications, his long career of astonishing victories, stamps him as the greatest Irishman that ever fought for his country against her vindictive, unsleeping, never forgiving foe. It is most unfortunate, however, that we shall never know all the exploits and victories of Art MacMurrough because of the loss of most of the documents that recorded them; how they have been lost no one now living knows, but that they once existed is absolutely certain. It is only by reading between the lines of history, and from events like the capture of New Ross and the baffling and defeat of an army of over fifty thousand of the best soldiers that were then in the world, many of whom must have served in France, that we can become aware of the supreme genius and greatness of Art MacMurrough, the last really independent Irish king.

THE BEST NEW YEARS' BOOK.

Those of our subscribers and readers who desire to present their friends, young, old or middle aged, with an agreeable and instructive New Years' book have now an opportunity to gratify their inclination by purchasing John F. Finerty's famous Indian war narrative "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," which has been hailed by the American, Irish and British press as the most thrilling history of frontier warfare. The book can be had direct from THE CITIZEN office, or at any of the leading bookstores. Price: full cloth, $3 per copy; half morocco, $3 50 per copy. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the book is being sold very rapidly.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

The writer of these papers well suspend their publication during the continuance of the present deplorable political crisis in the home rule movement.

Mr. John O'Leary has written, asking for proof of the statement which was made in a recent issue that Pigott had received money from the Fenian body. The authority for the statement was the late Mr. John "Amnesty" Nolan, a man who was more likely to know what was happening in Irish national politics from 1870 to 1876 than Mr. O'Leary, who was not residing in Ireland, we believe, during that period.

Mr. Charles Williams also writes with reference to a letter of his to Pigott, which was printed in our last number. He says:

"If you have the correspondence of this gentleman, I call on you, since you have printed one of my letters to him, to print the last two, in which I informed him that, while quite willing to pay him for revelations about the Parnell party, I was not willing to pay for or to print sheer and obvious inventions. It is not the fact that I ever authorized the payment to Pigott of any such sum as fifty pounds, and I very much doubt if he got anything like that amount for all his contributions put together during my *regime*, which ended August, 1883 I found him out before he had contributed long."

The letters to which Mr. Williams refers are not in the possession of the writer of these revelations, or he would gladly publish them. There was nothing said or implied in the remarks passed upon Mr. Williams' letter that could in any way justify the studied, insulting communication which he has addressed to us, and which has appeared in full in the paper which availed itself of Pigott's services in its attacks upon Irish Nationalists. We print that part of our correspondent's letter which is germane to the matter in question, and we refuse to make *The Labor World* the medium of Mr. Williams' scurrilous attack upon Irish Nationalists, by printing what he has already published in the *Evening News and Post.*

What Mr. Norton Says.

Dear Reader: Having read Mr. Morehead's experience plating with gold, silver and nickel, it feel it my duty to inform others of my success. I sent for a Plater and have more work than I can do. It is surprising the spoons, castors and jewelry that people want plated. The first week I cleared $37 10, and in three weeks $119 85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs $3. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large or small articles, and can make money anywhere. I now have a nice home and bank account, all the product of $3 invested in a Plater. S. S. NORTON.

As Ayer's Sarsaparilla outstrips all other blood purifiers in popular favor, so Ayer's Almanac is the most universally familiar publication of the kind in the world. It is printed in ten languages and the annual issue exceeds fourteen millions of copies. Ask your druggist for it.

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

The Irish-Americans of Chicago Give Parnell's Name Noble Greeting at Battery D Last Monday Night.

Speeches by Senator Mahoney, Hon. Lawrence Harmon, Henry F. Donovan, John J. Fitzgibbon, John A. Murphy, and John F. Finerty.

The Irish National Idea Strongly Upheld.

An immense and enthusiastic mass meeting of Irish nationalists in favor of sustaining Charles Stewart Parnell was held in Battery D Monday night. The hall is a large one, and when literally packed can hold 8 000 people. There were not so many present last night, but every seat on the main floor and in the galleries was taken and not less than 500 persons were compelled to stand. One-third of those present were ladies. There were no decorations to assist in inspiring enthusiasm They were not needed. The cause was all sufficient.

The gathering of people was to express its confidence in the leadership of Parnell and to deprecate the stupendous efforts being made to depose him. Every reference to the leader's name was cheered to the echo, and every time a speaker rounded out a period by the declaration that the issue was a political and not a moral one, he simply worked the audience up to a degree of enthusiasm that clearly and unmistakably indicated the prevailing sentiment.

Senator Joseph P. Mahoney was introduced by Mr. M. J. Keane as the permanent chairman of the evening, and upon taking the position said the people had met together to give forth to the world their sentiments on the great Irish question as it stands today. During the war of the rebellion, the senator said, the people of Great Britain had met together in that country to express their sentiments on the great questions then raised in this country, and now that the people of this great western metropolis were meeting together to express their sentiments on the situation abroad, Great Britain should take no offense thereat, or find fault with their declaration that Ireland should be free and that Parnell should be the leader of the great Irish party. The senator briefly reviewed Parnell's service to the Irish cause, and concluded with the statement that the Irish people would not look to England to select their leader. He had previously counseled moderation in the deliberations, and had called attention to the fact that enemies were watching the proceeding, saying that the "miserable Order of Deputies" was among them. His remarks were loudly cheered.

Messrs. James C. Strain and W. C. McClure were announced as secretaries of the meeting, after which Lawrence Harmon was presented as the first speaker of the evening.

Mr. Harmon said the Irish people were assembled to take their politics from the politicians and their morals from those who minister at the altar. It was not their intention to accept the dictum of the man who had spent many years of his life in coercing Ireland to obey the laws imposed by England. When the distinguished English leader, Mr. Gladstone, undertook to say he would, as the leader of the great liberal party, refuse to associate with Mr. Parnell, he simply undertook to disrupt the Irish party, and it was infinitely to the credit of the Irish that they had not quietly submitted and deposed their incomparable leader—Charles Stewart Parnell. (Vociferous cheering.)

The next speaker, Henry F. Donovan, said he thought the magnificent audience before him was a sufficient answer to the lying message flashed under the sea that Parnell was without friends in America. The people had been told of the great leaders in the past, but the one who was revered, loved and followed at the present time was Charles Stewart Parnell. (Cheers.) The only question for the people to consider was that of home rule for Ireland, and Parnell was the only man who could secure it. (Applause).

A pleasant break in the speech making was the solo, "Parnell's Rallying Song," composed by John F. Finerty and sung by Joseph Duffy to the air of "O'Donnell Aboo." The refrain was enthusiastically cheered.

MR. FITZGIBBON'S SPEECH.

John J. Fitzgibbon was presented as the next speaker. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Six thousand people of the best blood of Chicago greet Parnell in Battery D tonight. Your enthusiastic shouts of acclamation will be heard across the water and will thrill the hearts of the true and the brave in dear old Ireland. (Cheers). We are here to indorse Charles Stewart Parnell and the principle which he now represents, the primary and fundamental principle for which our fathers fought in glen and dale and mountain pass, the indestructible principle that Ireland has the inherent right to elect her own leader, chief or president without any dictation from the foreigner and the stranger or any dictation from the hierarchy. (Cheers). But some timid and thin-blooded men would basely surrender this essential principle of our national existence under the pretense that the English Whigs and their leader, Gladstone, cannot if they may, and could not if they would, co-operate with the Irish National party to secure a measure of home government for Ireland. (Cheers). What certainty have we even if the Irish people were to crouch and fawn at England's feet that they would win their liberties? There is no groundwork for this special plea by McCarthy and his deserters. I challenge those men to point me out a single case in English history wherein Ireland has received any legislative benefits from the London parliament, when Irish representatives in that parliament or out of it pursued a weak, a vacillating or a cowardly policy. Nay furthermore, I aver that in the whole course of universal history I defy them to show me a single instance where an oppressed people, by stultifying themselves, by abandoning their God given right to justice and nationality, by sacrificing their pride, their dignity and manhood gained their freedom. (Applause). When a people will, at the command of their overbearing tyrant, give up the vital principle of their nationality, when they consent to their own degradation and thereby commit political suicide, then indeed they do not merit the respect, sympathy or support of the generous and gallant races of mankind They are a doomed race, and will become as the lost tribes of Israel among the nations. It would be better for the Irish race to face seven centuries more of stormy warfare than to relinquish their absolute right to be a free and independent nation If Kilkenny should fail, there are thirty one counties to be heard from which will lead Parnell to victory. (Great cheering).

But though Ireland is poor, though gaunt famine now stares in the faces those of her children along her western coasts, though her overpowering and relentless foe is six to one in numbers against her, yet the fiery soul within her is proud, defiant, unconquerable and indestructible. (Cheers). She will, and her sons in this Western Republic and in every clime, stand by Charles Stewart Parnell because he has proved himself to be in this trying ordeal through which he is passing, worthy to be ranked with Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and John Mitchel. (Applause). We are now in the last decade of the nineteenth century. What has been achieved since the days of Washington to our time for the good of the people is but the prelude of that happiness, prosperity and liberty which is in the near future for all the worthy and gallant races of Adam. A silent and irresistible revolution is now taking place which will stamp out aristocracy, overthrow monarchy and imperialism in old Europe and establish on their ruins popular sovereignty. (Applause) The spirit of the age is not to drag down human society, but to place it on a still higher and nobler plane of enlightened and benevolent civilization. The twentieth century will be the century of the republics Where will Ireland be when the nations are grandly marching to the mighty hymn, "Rule the People, Rule Ye the Nations." If Ireland is true to her traditions, to her sacred memories, to the genius of her history, to the noble heritage of her heroic dead, who were martyred for her sake, she will be found in the van of the nations a proud, prosperous and a free republic. (Great cheering).

John A. Murphy was the next speaker. He thought it a peculiar state of affairs that a power that had been hostile to Ireland so many centuries had stepped forward at the eleventh hour and asked that country to accept a new dictator just as victory was in sight. As Parnell had stood by the people at home the speaker urged the people abroad to stand by him.

MR. FINERTY'S SPEECH.

John F. Finerty was then introduced, and spoke in substance as follows:

MR CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—When this meeting was first projected we were met by the cry that it would be a failure. I thought I knew the spirit of the people to whom I belong, and I felt certain that in spite of every opposition, whether open or otherwise, the Irish-American spirit of Chicago would again assert itself as it so often has done before. [Cheers] This meeting tonight will be disagreeable to only one kind of citizen in this community. This meeting tonight will be infinitely disagreeable and supremely uncomfortable to that venerable idiot, the man on the fence. [Laughter and applause] That class of citizens has flourished since the days of Adam. I don't know whether Adam built any fences or not. [Laughter] To judge by the actions of some people who might be named, I should say that our remote and illustrious ancestor, whenever a question came up between himself and Mother Eve, prudently got astraddle of the fence. [Laughter and applause] What good is a man who is forever on the fence? You do not know where to find him. He is always throwing cold water on everything, and he resolves himself into a universal wet blanket. [Applause and laughter] I am glad to say that this characteristic can hardly be charged against people of true Irish nature. It is true, we are in the midst of a difficulty, but it is not so great a difficulty as has occurred to other nations. It is true, the proceedings in North Kilkenny were violent, that men were assaulted, that there was a general fight at one or two places, but I wish to remind some of our American critics that Weldell Phillips at one time was mobbed in the streets of aristocratic and puritanical Boston. [Laughter and applause] Stephen A. Douglas was mobbed in this very city. [Cries of "Hear, hear."] Although we may have a fight or two at Irish elections, still it is not customary in Ireland to blow out a successful candidate's brains, as has been done in some American states. [Applause]

People undertake to say that because of this fight between Parnell and Gladstone—because it is really between those two gentlemen—therefore the Irish cause is wrecked Nothing can be more absurd. Up to 1885 Mr. Gladstone was a strenuous opponent of Irish self government [cries of "Hear, hear"]; and when he got around to a recognition of the principle and the spirit of Irish self government, it was because Charles Stewart Parnell [cheers] aided by Thomas Power O'Connor and Justin McCarthy, appealed to the Irish people of England to rout the Whigs and put in the Tories on the malt question. Thirty-nine Irish members voted against the Whigs, and the Whigs were beaten. And when they were beaten, Lord Carnarvon, the representative of the Tory government in Ireland, came to Mr. Parnell with propositions for Home Rule. When Mr. Gladstone observed Lord Carnarvon making those propositions, he went still further and made a larger bid. Why did he do it? Was it because Parnell knelt down before him? No. It was because Parnell asserted the independence of the Irish party and told the two English factions that the Irishmen would vote for the interests of their country, no matter what the English might say to the contrary. [Cheers] When I hear subservient Irishmen say that we owe everything to Gladstone, I must say that it fills me with disgust. [Cries of "Hear, hear."] When I read in the American press that Mr. William Ewart Gladstone is the Moses of the Irish people, I am filled with pity for the ignorance of my friends, the editors. [Applause and laughter] What a nice fix Ireland would be in if she were depending on a *shanana* of eighty one years for her liberty. [Laughter.] "The Grand Old Man!" There were plenty of grand old men, and Irishmen at that, before him [laughter and applause]; and there will be plenty more to come after him whether he dies tomorrow or not. And whether Mr. George Otto Trevelyan or Jack Rufus Spencer, the converted lord lieutenant of Gladstone's coercion scheme in Ireland, declare that they are the saviors of Ireland or not, we know better. We know they are not. [Applause and cries of "That's what."] We know that up to the very moment the power of Ireland was proven by the election of eighty five members out of one hundred and three, we never had more bitter opponents of the liberty of our native country than those

whom O'Connell truthfully and eloquently styled "The base, bloody, and brutal Whigs." [Cheers]

Now, I have no faith in any English party. My only faith is in an Irish party [cheers], fighting independently for the liberty of Ireland, whether in the house of commons, if they must go there, or outside of it; but in any case an independent Irish party unpledged to any English administration. [Cheers] The only hope I have of any parliamentary policy whatever is that laid down by Mr. Parnell. [Cheers] We know that O'Connell himself broke the backbone of the Repeal movement when he allowed Ricard Lalor Shiel to become member for Dungarvan and accept office under the English crown. And we know that a body still lives in eternal infamy with the name of "The Pope's Brass Band," we know it was buried like Draco under the weight of English official garments; and we know from his own lips —and Morley has not dared to deny it—that Charles Stewart Parnell profiting by those lessons, and having in his soul the true spirit of an independent Irishman, told Morley to his teeth that he, at least, would never break his pledges to the Irish nation. [Cheers] He would accept no office under the British crown.

We hear a great deal about Mr. Gladstone's abolition of the Irish Church. We have also his declaration that the Fenian movement was responsible for the abolition of that church. [Cheers] We have heard the declaration that every amelioration granted to the tenants of Ireland was due not to what was called "peaceful agitation," but to agrarian violence, and that whenever the Irish people got the least consideration from England, it was through the operation of that species of violence. Whenever they have been quiescent, whenever they have been constitutional and law abiding, the English have trampled upon their necks. Parnell knows this. You know it. The American editors are all very well in their own country. They know all about the ins and outs of American politics; and so, I am glad to say, do we. [Laughter and applause] We have the advantage over our friends the American editors there, because, while they know nothing whatever about Irish politics, we know everything under the sun about the politics of the two countries. [Applause and laughter.]

Now we are told that we must bow down at the feet of Mr. Gladstone; that Mr. Gladstone is to lead us on to victory; that we are to trust to the great English masses; that we are to trust to Hodge; that Hodge represents the English masses, and Hodge rising lazily from the furrows of his potato fields is to stretch forth his horny hand and lift Ireland out of the grip of slavery. What an entrancing prospect! My friends, Ireland's only hope from the first moment the Englishman planted his banner on her shore down to this moment has been in herself and in her friends outside. [Cheers] I would trust the average Englishman commercially, socially in every way that becomes a man, when he has no interest of his own involved against ours. [Applause] When he has, the Englishman will be with England. The Englishman has the spirit of the conqueror. He has the spirit of pride. He knows that Ireland is enslaved; he knows she is scourged. He knows she is desolated; but it is all for the glory of the empire! Consequently he cares nothing. He sees year by year the population decreasing—a menace to the empire departing. He is filled with the idea that so long as he is secure, so long as he believes himself to be in no danger, the Englishman will never stir hand or foot for the benefit of Ireland. [Applause and cries of "That's so."] That is historr, and it has always been history.

Let us look for a moment at the career of this man whom England wishes us to destroy. Let us remember that after the 1852 movement of Sharman Crawford and after the 1865 7 movement of James Stephens, Ireland lay more prostrate than at any time in her history since the days of Cromwell under the hoof of the foreigner. Mr. Parnell, not forgetting the national instincts of the people or his own, sought to infuse life into the old home rule movement of Isaac Butt. Step by step he rose, meeting the haughty English in their house of parliament, blocking them with their own rules, compelling their respect, teaching the Irish people to hope, working for every reform, forcing the Land act, forcing the Ballot act, forcing the Franchise act—forcing every act that has been for the benefit of the people; and finally —something unexampled in history—bringing in 1886 the Irish people to record by 85 votes of their 103 representatives that Ireland from shore to shore desired to be free from the English yoke. [Cheers]

The question of immorality has been touched upon. What accusers stand before Parnell? England smirched with infamy. An aristocracy corrupted. A democracy brutalized. A country in which more crime is committed in one day than in all Ireland in a month. [Cheers.] A house of lords filled with the bastards of the Plantagenets, the Tudors and the Stuarts. [Cheers] These be plain words, but they are true; and if you don't believe me, go over to the public library and get Burke's Peerage. [Laughter and applause.] And then, indeed, the virtuous Marquis of Hartington! [Laughter.] I do not desire to drag any woman's name into a scandal, but if the English people want to show an evidence of decency, let them make provision for some successor to the throne who has not been smirched morally. [Cheers and cries of "Give it to them, John."]

The American editors! What do those fellows know about history any way. [Applause and laughter] I must say, and I shame to say it, that whereas every calumny of England is published broadcast by the American press, seldom or never is the true voice of Ireland heard in her own defense. If there is a gathering of Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Welshmen—most of whom, if the Behring Sea difficulty ever come to a crisis, will be found enjoying the salubrious breezes of Canada [laughter and applause]—if they meet, their meetings are "Grand assemblages of the people! Loyal Americans, proud of the flag and true to the traditions"—yes—of the Union Jack. [Laughter and applause] When we meet, what is the statement? The aristocrats of the press say that nobody of any note on either side of the Atlantic is standing by Parnell. I would like to know how many dukes and lords and earls are on the Chicago press? [Laughter and cheers] I would like to know where their high lineage comes from. In any case, we are in a respectable republican country, and every man here, whether he owns ten million dollars or ten dollars is just as good as the next man. [Cheers] I must say there is a certain class of our own countrymen—I don't want to be hard with them, for there are some decent Irish millionaires; there are some good fellows among them, but as a rule here and there is an Irishman who has got to be worth a million or so of dollars, and, not having been properly instructed in his youth in the principles of patriotism and self-respect, he goes around like a cat without a tail. [Cheers and laughter] He no longer carries with him a certificate of identification. [Laughter] He is afraid of everything. He will touch nothing except what is eminently "respectable" Now, there are not many millionaires in America, but there are millions of men who are generally classed as poor. It is on the broad shoulders of the poor, or the middle classes, that the proud superstructure of American liberty rests. [Cheers] And Parnell would rather have with him this noble meeting, even though there may not be a millionaire among us —he would rather have this noble meeting of untrammeled men than to have a meeting of men weighed down with gold, which makes a man look as if he were playing Richard III, with a hump on his back and a limp in his leg. [Laughter and applause] Parnell would rather have the strong arms and the proud hearts of the democracy of America—I speak of democracy in a general sense. Mr. Parnell has shown it in Ireland. He has appealed in Ireland to the people direct, and he appeals to them directly here. [Applause] He has not appealed exclusively to the millionaires. He has not appealed to the aristocrats. He has gone over the heads of those who thought they were wiser and greater than he. He has appealed to the Irish people, and it is my opinion that the Irish people at home and abroad will sustain him to the very last man. [Cheers and cries of "They will."]

I hear of opposition from certain quarters. My friends, the people who respect themselves need never fear any opposition. The Irish people are not to be driven from their honest convictions by any set of people. They respect every man in his proper place, from the Pope of Rome down. [Cheers] They do not desire to have controversies, but the people of every country decide its liberties. The people of France have done it. The people of Italy have done it. The people of Germany have done it. All those are Catholic peoples. Are we less than they? [Applause and cries of "No, no."] This talk about the opposition of a certain element is exaggerated. I say fearlessly and above board that the rank and file of the Irish priesthood are as patriotic as you or I. [Cheers] They have shown it too. Some of them led the charges of our Pike men not yet one hundred years ago, and displayed qualities of generalship which extorted applause from even the generals of the English forces. [Cheers] But while we acknowledge all that, while we respect them and respect all ecclesiastics in their proper sphere, the American people ought to know, and the American people shall know, that in political matters the Irishman is the most self respecting man on the top of God's earth [cheers]; and when they say we are priest ridden, I point to their churches. Our priests in this country never go into the pulpit to preach a political sermon [cheers]—and I cannot say as much for the ministers of other denominations, although at certain periods it might be true that here and there by personal influence an Irish vote might be changed. Still, this is true that the American people, Protestant as they are—and I say it with all due respect—are much more influenced by their priests in politics than we are by ours. [Cheers.] It is well that we should talk plainly on these subjects Men must not confound the profound religious reverence which the Irish Catholic people have for their priests with political servility. Nothing can be further removed. It is only natural that the Irish people should love and trust the priest. From the cradle to the grave he is with them. He is with them at the baptism. He is with them when the bishop confirms them. He is with them on the marriage day. He is with them at the dying bed. [Cheers] He is with them even though they are smitten with the most deadly pestilence. For this we honor him. For this we love him. For this we respect him. But in political matters we are neither Romans nor Englishmen —we are Irishmen. [Tremendous cheers]

Tonight the echoes are coming from over the wave. We hear only the distant sounds; but as I said to some friends the other night, the great Napoleon, when his marshals were in doubt as to a military movement, gave them this general direction: "March upon the sound of the cannon!" [Cheers] The cannon are booming in North Kilkenny tonight. Whether for us or against us, I do not know, but we at least are obeying general orders in marching on that sound and standing by our General whether he is victorious or vanquished. [Cheers] The greatest movements in the world, military and political, have been lost by stupidity and cowardice. When Napoleon hurled himself like an avalanche from the Alps on the plains of Lombardy and marched on the village of Marengo, he detached his General Desaix with instructions generally given to march upon the sound of the cannon. Desaix marched twenty miles in a different direction. In the early morning he heard the booming of the guns. He turned his division back, and just as the Austrians under the Count Melas had driven Bonaparte on the village of Marengo, the heads of his columns appeared on the field. Then he made his famous charge, and, dying at the head of his soldiers, saved France from ruin on the field of Marengo. [Cheers] When Napoleon was engaged against Archduke Charles in Bavaria, Marshal Davout, detached in another direction, heard the tremendous booming of the guns. He marched upon the cannon, and just in the moment of the Archduke's appparent success, he fell upon the flank of the Austrians and won the immortal victory of Eckmuhl for France. I will mention another instance. When Napoleon III. went to the liberation of Italy in 1859 he detached a division of his army under the command of Patrick Maurice McMahon. [Cheers] McMahon had positive orders to march in an opposite direction, but when he heard the thunder of the cannon he turned back his divisions and, coming to the assistance of Napoleon, won the battle of Magenta and kept the crown on Napoleon's head for eleven years longer. [Applause] But there is another instance in history in which this military instinct was not obeyed. You have all heard of the day of Ligny. You have heard of the day of Waterloo. You know that Napoleon, triumphant, drove the Prussians before him from the field of Ligny. He detached Marshal Grouchy with orders to keep between the main armies of the French and the Prussians. Wellington confronted Napoleon on the slopes of Mont St. Jean at Waterloo. The battle raged from morning until night. The corps of Grouchy heard the thunder of the guns on their left. The soldiers threw their shakos upon their bayonets and shouted "To the Emperor! to the Emperor!" But Marshal Grouchy thought he knew more than they He did not march on the sound of the cannon, but, on the contrary, marched away from it, and in consequence Napoleon and his throne were crushed forever. This is our parallel. Our Napoleon is engaged in the great conflict between England and Ireland We are his detached corps—we the Irish Americans, whether of New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. We hear the thunder of the cannon. It is our duty to march upon it.

We are here tonight to give assurance to Parnell that his services are not forgotten. We are here to assure him that if, like all men, he has committed error, the heart of Ireland is big enough and broad enough and generous enough to forgive him for what he has done for her. [Cheers, and cries of "We will."] We are here to assure him that while he maintains the attitude he now holds, no matter who may desert him, the Irish who believe in the liberty of Ireland will be with him. [Cheers] We may regret faction; we may regret feud, but as all nations have been visited by them and nearly all have survived, we do not therefore expect to perish. I say, as one Irish American, that I tonight have hope for the liberty of old Ireland. [Cheers] I believe that whether parliamentary agitation succeeds or fails, there is the spirit and the glory and the truth in the Irish race to take advantage of that which must come sooner or later to give us the opportunity of grappling, as we want to grapple, with the foe of centuries. [Cheers.] I would not stand before you tonight to place the last stake of Ireland on any parliamentary movement, but I say that so long as it is conducted as Mr. Parnell proposes to conduct it, we are in honor and in duty bound to give him a fair hearing and a fair chance. [Cheers, and cries of "We will."] And then, as he himself said yesterday: "If all these means fail, I shall come back among my people with my following and, laying the situation before them, tell them they should devise other means of accomplishing their liberties, and in devising those means I am prepared to go as far as any man of my nation!" [Cheers.] What more can you ask from him? What more can you desire? He is the ablest man of our race. He is only 44 years old. He is half as young again as Gladstone. [Cheers and laughter] If any man can bring the English to terms in a parliamentary sense, Parnell is the man, and if he can not do it you may believe he will never condemn anybody for taking some other means of doing it. [Cheers] In all his career he has never condemned an Irish peasant for defending his home [Cheers] In all his career he has never said that the Irish people had not a right to seek their liberty by any means open to freemen, always within the proper opportunity.

And now, my friends, having heard all that has been said against him, and weighing his services against the accusations of his enemies, how greatly the scale comes down in his favor! I see among you those whom the snows of many winters have whitened, and I see your children whose heads are yet unsprinkled with gray, but you are all of the same nature, and the same blood, and the same firey heart beats in the bosom of the man of sixty and the boy of twenty. [Applause] We shall send across the ocean tonight to Mr. Parnell the assurance that with whatever ingratitude he may be treated, whatever discouragements he may meet with, the honest heart of the portion of the Irish people of Chicago who believe in the principle of Irish liberty is with him. [Cheers] They believe that Ireland and not England must choose. They believe that Ireland must look to her friends and not to her foes for liberty. Whoever else may throw him to the "Whig wolves howling for his destruction," the Irish national people of Chicago will not [Tremendous cheers] They love him more in the hour of affliction than they ever did in the hour of victory. They recognize him as the visible head of the Irish movement. They send him greeting without reward or hope of reward, and they hope the day may come when the God of nations, looking down with a pitying eye on their native country, and appreciating the efforts she has made for liberty, will at length enable her to throw off the hated yoke of England. [Cheers] And if that consummation arrives and the chain of centuries should be indeed broken, I am sure there is no man that the Irish republic would choose for its first president before the "Washington of Ireland," Charles Stewart Parnell. [Wild cheers, waving of hats and handkercutefs and other demonstrations of approval]

THE RESOLUTIONS.

The resolutions were then read and unanimously adopted. They were as follows:

Resolved, That Charles Stewart Parnell represents, more nearly than any living statesman, the views of the Irish people throughout the world on the great question of national self government.

Resolved, That the fundamental principle of Irish liberty is involved in the question of independent leadership and that the Irish race at large should decide the matter free from foreign interference or dictation

Resolved, That while, as American citizens, we owe primary allegiance to the great republic, we feel justified in using every honorable effort, moral or physical, if necessary, to aid our brethren in the old land in the effort to recover their long suppressed liberties

Resolved, That whatever progress has been made in Great Britain toward the reestablishment of Irish legislative independence has been the result of the faithful and able efforts of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Resolved, That we, Irish-Americans of Chicago, in mass meeting assembled, send our greeting to Charles Stewart Parnell, heartily approving, as we do, his attitude of independence of English parties the only policy by which Ireland has the slightest chance of obtaining her liberty through peaceful effort.

Resolved, That, as American citizens who have the good name of the Irish people sincerely at heart, we most emphatically condemn the violence directed against the person of the renowned Irish leader, and the disrespectful language used toward him by some of his opponents during the election canvass in North Kilkenny.

Resolved, That whether the North Kilkenny election is decided for or against Mr. Parnell, our sentiment of loyalty to him will remain unaltered, and we feel that a majority of the Irish constituencies will declare in favor of a chief, whose genius has made the cause of Ireland the foremost topic of the civilized nat ons today.

The reading of the resolutions was interrupted with cheering at every mention of Parnell's name.

After the resolutions had bee adopted the following cablegram was read, and the officers of the meeting instructed to send it to Parnell:

Mass meeting Irish-Americans, six thousand strong, sends greetings. Victorious or vanquished in Kilkenny, we are with you to the last.

This was signed by Joseph P. Mahoney, James C. Strain, William C. McClure, Lawrence Harmon, Henry F Donovan, John J Fitzgibbon, John F. Finerty, and J. A. Murphy.

The vast audience, before departing, rose to its feet and sang "God Save Ireland," led by the Hon. Michael McInerney, after which it gave three hearty cheers for Parnell and dispersed.

Among those occupying seats on the platform were: Jonathan B. Taylor, Commissioners Stauber and Cahn, Aldermen Cullerton and Gahan, Joseph Duffy, Rev. J. J. Green, Rev. D. Hayes, Francis T Colby, Mr. and Mrs James McInerney, Col Hartigan, Mrs James Hennessy, Geo. B Hennessy, M. J Keane, G Lyman, Roger Sullivan, Michael McInerney, J. Sennon, P. F. Ryan, John J Fitzgibbon, P. W. Crowe, John Foley, Lawrence Harmon, William C McClure, Miss Kate Kane, Mrs Fanny Kavanagh, Mr. and Mrs John F Finerty, Mrs A. McCarthy, John McKenna, John Mulvie!.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Miss Eleanor Kirk Tells Readers Several Things They Ought to Know—Evils of Cathartic Medicine.

BROOKLYN, N Y, Dec. 23.—When I say that I have implicit faith in Dr. Koch, I am telling the literal truth and sneers of second class physicians do not disturb me in the least. I believed in the telephone, and I was not disappointed. I felt that Pasteur was master of rabies, and this is now admitted. I also feel certain that Koch will prove equal to the elimination of contagious diseases, and that inoculation will stop the ravages of diphtheria and scarlet fever.

Physicians whose brains are in their heads and not in their pockets are hopeful and delighted. I have talked with several of our scientific practitioners, and they are all sure that the greatest medical discovery of the age has been made by Prof. Koch. It is now very hard they tell me to get along with their consumptive patients. Every day seems an eternity to these sufferers. But they have not much much longer to wait, for I understood the lymph will soon be here in generous quantities.

When a person is very ill, it is a safe and helpful thing to have a good physician in attendance, and while the case is in the hands of such an one the treatment should be implicitly followed. The nurse should not permit nor the patient demand any meddling with his work. But the moment a patient loses faith in the physician, he should be retired. The other side is that there are too many doctors and too much medicine. There are twenty fools to one wise physician. Excepting in great emergencies the human body does not need to be dosed with poisons and powerful cathartics. We were not intended for drains or sewers. Arsenic and strychnine and croton oil and stomach pumps have their legitimate places, but they do not need to be within easy reach.

I have frequently protested against the use of cathartic medicines for constipation, and I am likely to continue to do it, for every day brings fresh occasion. A young lady in Boston writes that she has been so prostrated by such treatment for this trouble that her abdominal organs seem to be paralyzed, although the doctors say she will recover in a year or two. Blessed hope! A year or two of helplessness and misery caused by this diabolical treatment. I do not think that medicine ever yet cured constipation. Proper food and proper exercise will do much to prevent it, but where there is impactment of the lower bowel which is the case nine times out of ten, the unmedicated glycerine suppositories used at regular times each day will immediately relieve suffering and in a short time effect a cure. These suppositories are as pure as the purest glycerine can make them, and contain no suspicion of a drug. I beg my readers not to use medicines that they know nothing about, and not to take cathartics. Such treatment leads directly to chronic conditions, irremediable suffering and the grave.

I am glad to see that some action has been taken in regard to the Priestly goods. For years inferior fabrics have been palmed off by well known dry goods houses throughout the country as the Priestly Silk Warp Henriettas, when, in fact, they are the poorest imitations. Now, W. G. Hitchcock & Co., the sole agents in this country for the Priestleys, have obtained an injunction in the Supreme court restraining the firms who have imposed so long upon the public from "advertising, selling, or offering for sale any goods as Priestley's which are not manufactured by the plaintiffs, B Priestly & Co."

It is hard for us who have studied the history of Russia, and read and heard George Kennan, to believe that the emancipation of woman is making rapid progress there. But it is nevertheless true. Many cheering items are constantly being received from this far distant country, the last being that the inhabitants of the town of Kniazeff have elected a woman, Alexaddra Ilyne by name, to the post of starosto or mayor, on the ground that she was the wisest and most honest person to be intrusted with the interests of the community. Madame Ilyne is an expert on the Remington typewriter, and gives lessons to her subordinates.

Verily the world does move, and darkness is all the time giving place to light.

To those who have asked me about the best way of overcoming vocal defects, etc., etc., I am happy to furnish the following information: In 1879 there was started by Edgar S. Werner, at Albany, N. Y., a modest journal bearing the title of "Voice." As it was the only publication in the country devoted exclusively to the subject of vocal defects as well as of vocal culture, it instantly made a place for itself with a success which has increased every year. It is now located at 28 West Twenty-third street, N. Y., enlarged in form—although it is soon to be much larger—and is known as Werner's Vocal Magazine. It is almost as invaluable to the singer, reader, or actor as the physical voice upon which he depends for his material support. It is filled with the most valuable information upon all vocal topics, and invites the freest discussions from students and teachers. Articles upon the cure of stammering and like defects are a specialty. An additional feature of value and interest is the publication each month of a large number of pieces, both prose and poetry, suitable for recitation. When one considers how truly vocal culture is the best sort of physical culture, it is not easy to form an estimate of the amount of good accomplished in the community by such a publication which stimulates interest in this field.

A new and valuable feature of this magazine, and one that is specially interesting to musicians, is the publishing of songs composed expressly for it by prominent American composers. The first song is issued in the December number, and for succeeding numbers some brilliant compositions are promised.

ELEANOR KIRK

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N Y.*

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The judges have recommended, for high sheriff of Galway county, Peter Fitzwalter Lambert, Castle Eden, Athenry; Frederick J Lewis, Castlegrove, Tuam; and Francis J Graham, Ballinskill, Clifden; and for high sheriff of Galway town, Walter Trevor Stanus, Manor House, Lisburn.

For the office of high sheriff of Leitrim county, John Madden, Esq., Hilton Park, Clones; John Gilbert King, Esq, Ballyjin, Ferbane; and Charles Lotus Tottenham, Esq, Tottenham Park, Mullingar, have been recommended.

A Belfast firm has shipped to Malta and New York respectively two of the largest consignments of Irish grown potatoes which have ever left the country.

The judges have recommended for high sheriff of Mayo, Col. Dominick E Browne, Woodstock, Ballindine and Monkstown, county Dublin; Arthur Knox Gildea, Esq., Clooncormack, Holymount; and Ormsby B. Miller, Esq, Blindwell, Foxhill, Tuam.

When John Powell and his wife, both natives of Nenagh, landed at Queenstown from New York an unloaded revolver and seven rounds of ammunition were found by the female searcher in Mrs Powell's dress "improver." She was taken into custody.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50 She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THE USUAL treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

Sanitarians and health food people are sounding the note of warning against ingredients so common in our everyday cookery that we use them always as a matter of course. The first danger signal is hoisted alongside the bottle of flavoring extract with which we make tasty our cakes and puddings. These extracts all contain alcohol, say the wise ones.

In Alsace, not far from Worth, there is now a monument to the young Englishman who was the first victim in the Franco-German war. Young Lieut. Winslow, who was attached to the German army, was shot while reconnoitering with the staff by one of the first bullets fired on the French side.

STOP RIGHT HERE!

And let us tell you some things that are of great importance to every male member of this community.

We have a very large stock of fine, medium and cheap Overcoats on hand, more than we care to have at this time, the end of the year; our goods are all right, our prices are right, but owing to the persistent warm weather a great many people have put off supplying themselves with warm clothing But we must turn our stock into money; see what we are doing.

WE OFFER:

65 Heavy Chinchilla Overcoats, worth $8.00 for $5.00.

50 Heavy Chinchilla Overcoats, worth $10.00 for $7.50.

120 Heavy, Fine Made Beaver, Kersey, Melton, Chinchilla, and Cassimere Overcoats, some Silk and Flannel-Lined, worth $12.00 and $15.00 for $10.00

75 (different shades) Finely Made and Trimmed Overcoats, in all kinds of material and in the latest style, worth $18.00 to $20.00; we offer them for only $15.00

Men's Wool Top, Leather-Faced Working Gloves, only 25 cents.

All-Wool Red Underwear 50 cents.

50 dozen Wool Mufflers, fancy patterns, 50 cents.

200 pair Heavy Working Pants, worth $3.00, for only $2.00.

COME EARLY

AND AVOID THE RUSH.

STERN'S

NORTHWEST CORNER OF

HARRISON & HALSTED-STS.

Candy Candy Candy Candy

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a sample box at retail by express, of the BEST CANDY IN AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Expressed to any address from Denver east or Boston west. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER 212 State st., Chicago.

Easy Payments.

Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

Jas. Clarke,

MANAGER,

Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

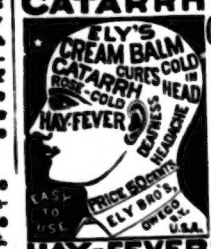
The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY

79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

LOVE'S EVENING STAR.

Oh, welcome to the sunny May,
When opening buds reveal the flowers,
And all around melodiously
Sweet matins fill the vernal bowers;
It brings again that blissful hour
The brightest far of life to me,
When, fondly pressing heart to heart,
We felt love's thrilling ecstasy

The dew of love was on thy cheek;
Its gems of pearl were in thine eyes,
As from the ruby throbbing lips
Came forth the sweet consenting sighs.
'Twas new born joy that made thee weep,
And every tear was sanctified
Two hearts were melted into one
When heaven gave thee to be my bride.

Ah, when I fondly called thee mine,
And fervently thy vows were given,
The words were caught from off thy lips
And echoed to the ear of heaven;
And he who ever deigns to bless
When guileless love implores his aid
Made record of the holy bonds
And blessed the union he had made.

Through all the days till frosty age
Thy love has crown more sweet and dear,
As it has brightened all the way,
A charm and solace ever near.
And now, when near life's evening close,
How beautiful the day declines!
As earthly scenes are growing dark
Love's evening star more brightly shines!
—Mrs. Sidney Dyer in New York Ledger.

UNCLE PETE.

Uncle Pete was ruminating. However, this was nothing new, as he had done but little else since the time he was a mite of a darky, watching the sparks fly up from the burning log heaps scattered over "old master's" new ground and die away in the dusky spring evening. He would sit upon a stump with the dark, freshly plowed ground about him giving forth odors of earth and torn green roots, while the frogs in the shallow shining branch, marked with willows, sang a happy, monotonous refrain.

His kinks were turning from black to gray and many a problem as knotty as his wool and just as powerless to be straightened had passed through his brain. His great passion was wealth—'twas the only thing he cared for. He had dreamed of it in boyhood—it seemed a pity those log heap sparks were not real gold—had striven for it in his way in manhood, and now that old age had begun to pay court to him in a sly and wholly unaccountable manner he still dreamed of and strove for wealth. When a boy he would grasp every peculiar looking rock lying in his path, with the hope that it might bring him a fortune. The sun glancing on a piece of glass would cause his lazy legs to move faster than was customary, for perhaps it might be a nugget of gold lying there especially for him. But he found to his disappointment many times that "all was not gold that glittered."

Uncle Peter had never been taught to read, and was too lazy to work hard. In fact, he shirked dreadfully. Like "ole Brer Rabbit" in those wondrous days when animals were gifted with speech—the recital of which fills every childish heart with the pleasantest emotions—he did all of the grunting and comparatively no work. He lived with old master's grandson, Marse Bob, as a cropper, and invariably came out in debt to him on an average of $40 a year. Each Christmas Marse Bob would storm at him and threaten to send him away, but Uncle Peter was sly and would "lay low" until Marse Bob's sweet little wife drove all angry thoughts from his mind, and then he began to put in his best work, usually making sundry suggestions "'bout de fattening horgs," and ashes, salt, sulphur and copperas for the horses, mules and colts, until Marse Bob finally finished a contract with him almost before the thought of beginning had entered his mind. It would burst upon him each time like a thunderbolt, and with an infernal groan began the turning of new leaves. But those leaves became dog-eared with too little turning and much fingering. So Uncle Peter lived on at his kind benefactor's, with his progeny of grandchildren and one unmarried daughter, the idol of his heart.

Uncle Peter was ruminating on this warm, damp January day. The prospect from his cabin door did not invite very pleasant thoughts, but he was paying no attention to the gloom.

The clouds hung wet and gray over the fields, roads and pine grove, which was the only green spot in sight. A maul lay before the fire hardening for the next day's work—splitting rails. That was nothing to Uncle Peter, either, for he knew very well, the sinner, he would get out of half his work by sharpening wedges for the other hands, making himself uselessly useful.

"Now, if I could dig into dat gully and fine a gole mine, wouldn't I be rich?" he mused. "Gret big peeses, big as my fists—den I could set up at the big 'ouse like folks, and not work my poor ole self to deth," sighing, as he got up to turn his maul. "But den dat's Marse Bob's land, s'pose 'twould be his gole. Nor dat ain't right, neither. What I fine is mine. Ef I was to fine a quarter out yonder, I reckin it would be my quarter, and dat gole mine would too." So soared his thoughts to a realm where roads were lined with gold instead of red mud, and palaces in the places of pine trees faced them, and he was the richest of all in that country. He was awakened from those yellow toned reveries by some one hollowing: "Peter, you Peter-r, why don't you answer me?"

"Sir?" rousing himself and standing in the doorway to see Marse Bob on the fence some distance away.

"What are you doing?"

"Burning my maul for to-morrow."

"Well, you can do that to-night. You always get mighty smart at the wrong time, anyway. Go on to the house and help the other boys shuck corn."

Uncle Peter got up and crossed the field with reluctant footsteps, while Marse Bob growled to himself on the laziness of the "colored race" in general.

Sunday morning came and with it guests at the big house as usual. Uncle Peter went up to black boots and build fires, as was his custom—one he adopted himself and one he invariably kept. Marse Bob's wife's brother was there, and as Peter came in he asked:

"What kind of weather, Peter?"

"Lubly, sir, lubly," was the reply he always gave, no matter what the weather might be. Hot or cold, wet or dry, Sunday morning was always "lubly" to Uncle Peter.

"Where did you get that shirt, Peter?" came Frank's lazy tones from the depths of a feather bed, from where he could just see Peter, whose shoes were shining brighter than his ebony face, sitting on the woodbox rubbing away with brush and blacking for all he was worth.

"Bought it," with a proud glance.

"You ought to be a good citizen with such a shirt as that on. Let me see! Stars all over and a striped sailor collar. Stars and stripes, pretty good!" Uncle Peter gave a complacent smile as Frank spoke in a half sleepy, half mischievous tone.

"How's crops? Going to get rich this fall, aren't you?"

"Well, mebbe so," brightening up.

"Do you think so? I can't say, but I know one thing, you would like to have a smile," as Peter placed both shoes side by side, and shut up the blacking box.

"Uncle Peter's black features lighted up in quite a marvelous manner as Frank offered him what he loved next to money.

"Yes, sar, deed I would, sar," bowing and rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Hand me that flask on the table. Now, here is your smile," detaching the silver drinking cup from the bottom of the flask and pouring the clear red liquid into it, which ran out with a jolly gurgle from the mouth of the bottle.

"You drink fust, Marse Frank."

"Oh no, Peter, I never drink. I carry it about in case of an accident."

"Well," smacking his black lips and wrenching the cup from the pitcher of water, "if I owned dat dream accidents would be forebber happning," grinning and bowing himself out. He turned his steps toward the kitchen after leaving Frank's room. There he sat himself down to wait for the coffee pot. This coffee pot was a great consolation to Uncle Peter; he never went to his work without first draining it, even eating the grounds. It was too good to waste. He was a great deal more likely to be on hand when breakfast was over than most of the family when it was ready.

* * * * * *

It was raining—and not only raining, but pouring—and had been for an hour. Uncle Peter sat in front of his huge fireplace, which was filled with burning logs, and nodded, while mammy pieced up a quilt with colors so startling, such as pink and yellow, side by side, or green and blue with each other vied. Their pride and delight, a piece of ebony impudence done up in checked homespun, sat by the little window reading. Laboriously she spelled out the words, more laboriously absorbed their meanings. Now and then mammy would give a grunt or "dat's so," sometimes coming in at the most absurd times, for she never understood what Angeline was reading; there was such an interval between each word, the one had escaped her memory before the other was called out.

Uncle Peter still nodded and bobbed his head around dangerously at times, for it did seem that it would pop off. He was thoroughly awake all at once. What was that?

"How to get r-i-c-h, rich," drawled Angeline. Uncle Peter was all excitement in a moment and exclaimed feverishly, "Read on, nigger!" Angy looked up astonished; she was not accustomed to being addressed that way by her admiring father:

"Write to J-a-m-e-s H-a-r-l-i-n-g, Harling, C-o-r-t-l-a-n-t Cortlent street, New York; I dunno what dat street means after dat word. It can't spell nuthin' corden to my notion. I reckin it must mean, ah, I dunno. Hit was jist got thar by mistake, dat's hit. Dat typewriter got jess a little too much onto dat."

"Ugh, humph!" assented Uncle Peter indifferently; but his little black eyes were sparkling, and after a while he got up, stretched and looked at the elements. They were clearing up a little; so putting on his great coat, which struck his "dumpity" little figure about the heels, he sallied forth to the preacher's, his dearest friend and closest ally. He found him at home making foot mats, as he usually did in wet weather.

"Howdy does" being over Uncle Peter set forth in a most cautious manner to feel around and learn what the preacher thought of the scheme he had hidden in the back part of his head.

"Brer Hambleton, does you reckin you will ebber git rich workin' 'mongst dem shucks?"

"What! git rich? I ain't a-working fur riches; I am workin' fur de Lord. Ef he wants me to get rich he will make me, I reckin. And anudder thing, I never thought about it," replied the unworldly old fellow.

"Well, ef you will jass read here in dis newspaper you'll see sumpin," pulling it out of his pocket.

"What's it 'bout?"

"Gittin' rich," dropping his voice to a whisper. Brother Hambleton pulled out his brass rimmed glasses, put them on his nose and grasped the paper. He scanned it closely for a while, and then said: "Hit must be this here. 'Riches air very desirable things, but there is something more desirable yet, and that is health. Now, this can be obtained by taking Green Leaf Tonic' "——

"Hole on, Brer Hambleton, you ain't readin' the right one; leastways it don't sound like dat what Angeline read," exclaimed Uncle Peter in some alarm. Was the fortune which seemed in his grasp to run through his fingers like so much water, only leaving them damp as a sign it had been there?

"Well, how did it start, Brother Peter?" asked the Reverend Benjamin Hambleton, looking over his glasses in a grave manner, as much as to say, "Brother Peter, I'se afraid you'se had a very large smile dis day, and you dreamed dat thing."

"Oh, I don't 'zactly mermemble, but hit wusn't dat, and I heered her read it sho'," with some excitement. "Look again, Brer Hambleton." Benjamin Hambleton once again looked over the paper and then was about to give it up in despair when a little advertisement in the ten cent column caught his eye. He read it out and Uncle Peter almost wept for joy as he heard the sentence he thought he should never hear again.

"Now, what do you propose to do?" inquired Benjamin Hambleton.

"I says fer you to write to dat man and see whut he says. "We'll share profits. Of course you kin have mos' haff," generously.

"Mos' haff," indignantly. "Mos' haff," when I does all de writin' and reading? No, sir! I gits whole haff or not write."

"All right, all right," hurriedly as visions of a lost fortune again float before him. Amiability being restored, they worked and plotted together like old cronies should. The letter was written and posted; they had only to wait a week or two before they could dress up and live like folks in the big 'ouse. Uncle Peter began to wear "the biggest" air imaginable. He became lazier than ever and plagued Marse Bob almost out of his wits. The negroes all wondered what had got into Uncle Peter. He usually bade them good morning in the pleasantest manner, but now it was with the condescension of a monarch. Angeline was no longer the "apple of his eye." She found herself not noticed at all, and thereby became sulky and switched about more than ever while she walked. But it all was lost upon Uncle Peter. He was going to get rich in his old age, and that was all he wanted. He dreamed of it at night, and went a-day dreaming over it too.

Uncle Peter was too talkative, however, to let his secret remain one longer than a few days. He had no idea he had "let the cat out of the bag," but before one week had expired all the negroes on the plantation knew he had discovered a method for getting rich, and all were on the qui vive for discovery, but they did not let Uncle Peter have an inkling of their intentions.

One Saturday afternoon as the clouds in the west began to lose some of their exquisite coloring, for night was creeping on, all of the hands, Uncle Peter included, had gathered about the back door of the big house. All eyes were centered upon Marse Bob, who stood on the stone steps with a stone jug in one hand and a cup in the other. Every face was wreathed in smiles at the thought of a dram. As Marse Bob poured out the liquid which ran with such a good old sound, "So good, good, good, good," it seemed to say, he talked and gave much good, good, good, good advice while he distributed it around. The darkies had just wiped their mouths on their coat sleeves preparatory to leaving, when a little negro boy came up with the mail. Marse Bob glanced over it hastily, and called out:

"Halloa, here, Peter—a postal for you."

"Yas, sir," responded Uncle Peter, stepping up with happy expectation in his tones and movements.

"Shall I read it for you?" with a twinkle in his eyes, for he had read it while speaking, and had heard something of Peter's boasting lately.

"Yas, sir, s'pose you do," responded Peter, who was feeling generous after his smile. He didn't care just then if all the darkies in Christendom knew how to get rich.

Marse Bob cleared his throat, while all the hands turned around to hear what Uncle Peter's correspondent had to say.

"How to get rich.—Eat nothing, wear nothing, and work like old Nick."

There was a shout of laughter from every pair of lips save Uncle Peter's. He was dumb with disappointment and rage. He said not a word, but turned away and walked off "a sadder and a wiser man."

* * * * * *

It is a month later. Riches are never mentioned by Peter now. He is cured. His fellow workmen plagued his poor old life almost out of him, until one morning he turned like a wounded lion at bay and made them all fly. Since that time he has lived in peace. A curious coolness grew up between him and the preacher at one time, but the genial nature of both old darkies has thawed that out, and they are the same old cronies, only they never speak of wealth to each other.—Mrs. E. M. Stewart in Atlanta Constitution.

The Value of Sleep.

Gen. Lord Wolseley, England's leading soldier, is a man of simple and abstemious habits, and is an emphatic advocate of sleep. When he is his own master he goes to rest between 10 and 11 and is up before 6. He is a sound sleeper, and can sleep at almost any time and under any circumstances, which is no doubt one great secret of success; for in war, as in politics, the man who cannot sleep might as well retire from the running. "You cannot put in your time more profitably than in sleeping," Lord Wolseley says, and the saying is one that may well be taken to heart by all hard workers. As long as you can sleep you can always renew your strength. It is when sleep fails that your balance at the bank of life is cut off.—Best Things.

The Value of Armor in War Ships.

The value of armor has been a matter constantly discussed since its first introduction. So long as it remained, as it did for a time, superior to the attack of the gun its desirability was certain, but when the race began between the two the gun early seized and maintained the lead. From that time to the present advocates of the abolition of armor have been very numerous. They compare the state of affairs with that which existed prior to the disuse of personal armor, but so long as armor can be so arranged as to protect certain vital points it is probable that it will be so used. Still there are some good arguments in support of decuirassement—to use a French word that is particularly expressive.—New York Herald.

Pull Down the Blinds.

To all secret societies with Venetian blinds inside their windows: See that the slats are turned carefully down before initiating a candidate, or somebody across the street will have as much fun out of the ceremony as the members.—Chicago Tribune.

A KANSAS EXPRESSION.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A PECULIAR PHRASE USED IN THE WEST.

"Following Tom's Wheelbarrow" Is a Term That Has Become Very Common. Who "Tom" Was—It Means That a Man Has Done Wrong.

Among the scouts who accompanied Gen. Sheridan during the campaign against the Indians in the winter of 1868-69, who were attached to headquarters in the capacity of couriers, selected for their courage and knowledge of savage methods, was Tom McFadden, who made a record for himself, and was one of the scouts sent out by Gen. Sheridan to bring "Sa-tan-ta" in as a hostage when the villainous old savage was sitting on his horse apart from his great band of allied warriors on a knoll, contemplating whether to attack the troops, who were in battle array one morning in front of Fort Cobb, and who was extremely impudent. McFadden was afterward one of Gen. Miles' scouts in his wonderful campaign against the Indians in 1871.

Late in the fall of 1867 McFadden and two other trappers established a camp on the Paradise, about two miles above its junction with the Saline. They had remarkable luck, and in a short time had accumulated a large lot of pelts, furs, buffalo hams and elk and deer meat. They possessed but one small team of horses, and their supplies running low they concluded to go to the then embryo town of Ellsworth, on the Smoky Hill, which had just been started on account of its proximity to Fort Harker, then the most important military depot and post on the plains. It was also the nearest trading point for the many hunters scattered along the rivers and streams of the wilderness of central Kansas, and about seventy miles from McFadden's camp. So Mac and one of his partners hoofed it into the new town, intending to hire teams to bring their meat and skins to the railroad, to purchase their needed supplies, including poison—the most necessary article of all their wants—with which to kill wolves.

FINDING THE BARROW.

Arriving at Ellsworth they vainly endeavored to hire teams, but all in the region had been employed by the quartermaster's department at Fort Harker in hauling hay from the various "grass camps" in the vicinity, so they had to go back, as they had left their only other partner alone in camp with but a few rounds of ammunition and the Indians anything but friendly. The railroad, at the time of their arrival at Ellsworth, was running a train to what is now Bunker Hill, then only a water tank station, to which point they shipped their supplies, as it was some miles nearer their camp, intending to pack the most needed articles on their backs and return with their own team in a few days for those things they could not take along.

After arriving at Bunker Hill and dumping their supplies on the little platform, dreading to start out on their long tramp loaded down with what they must take, intending to store the rest in some secure place until they could come for them, McFadden happened to see a pile of wheelbarrows belonging to the railroad company piled bottom side up along the track, and with the inspiration that is born of genius he turned to his partner and said, "Dan, this darned question of transportation is settled right here, for here is a vehicle that looks as if it was constructed for our special purpose at this ticklish juncture."

So, waiting until the station men were out of sight, they proceeded to load up one of the fortunately discovered wheelbarrows with their supplies, which included among many smaller things 200 pounds of flour, and away they went across the high prairie toward their camp. Their route went over a smooth country until they neared the "breaks" of the Saline, and then it required a good knowledge of the region to find a passage through the precipitous limestone bluffs which characterize that portion of Kansas.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

It is a difficult matter, or rather was in those early days, for a "tenderfoot" to find his way down into the valley of the Saline, as it is the most lumpy region in that part of the state. Knowing the whole country well, Tom and his partner struck for the nearest point on the river, satisfied that with their unique means of transportation they could go down the bluffs anywhere and cross the stream where a wagon would not dare to attempt it. At last the fortunate hunters arrived at their camp, tired, but with their supplies intact.

The next season that immigration which grew to be phenomenal in so short a time began to seek the beautiful and tempting valleys of the tributaries of the Saline, and of course the only route to the coveted localities was through the rough country north of the Union Pacific in Kansas, and the starting points the stations of the road. Bunker Hill was a favorite initial point on account of its nearness to the "Paradise" valley, and McFadden's wheelbarrow trail, which was still plainly visible, was taken for the wagon track of some preceding immigrant, which all persistently followed, and, naturally, too, only to be suddenly brought up all standing at some inaccessible bluff down which it was impossible to go.

Then nothing was left to do but retrace their steps to the main "divide," losing ten or twelve miles thereby. Thus a broad trail was made through the rough country, and considerable profanity was breathed on the pure atmosphere of the virgin prairie in that vicinity until the errors of the "old wheelbarrow trail" were corrected. It became a by word at last, when a man was lost and turned up after going miles out of his way, "Well, he has only been following Tom McFadden's wheelbarrow trail to the Saline."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister at Washington, has had the back of her neck photographed.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP!
There's banks of violets, Banks of moss,
And banks where miners grope;
And banks that handle golden coin,
But FAIRBANK makes THE BEST SOAP.
EVERY ONE USES SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.
CHICAGO.

Governing Children.

Parents have proudly told me of sickening battles with their children, will pitted against will, till at last the stronger physique gained the mastery, and the child's "will was broken." Such victories are worse than defeats. I have seen a father and his little boy stand pitted against each other, with a look in each face that I could call nothing but hatred; and when I thought of the power of the one and the helplessness of the other I could not but admire the boy's pluck. There should be no such occasions. The parent stands convicted of utter stupidity in finding himself in any such situation.

There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be in ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into. Children pass through various phases, and some dragon of a fault that one has been worrying over and planning against suddenly vanishes into thin air and is no more. Sometimes one fixes a fault by noticing it too much. It becomes an expression of nervousness. The child repeats a fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling book that he has met before. He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with it, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness, his mind becomes confused and he cannot control his thought. It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go to escape it. Omit the hard word; avoid anything to excite the habitual fault. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injudicious parents often create their children's faults.—Harper's Bazar.

Rapid Transit in New York.

A school inspector who is rather fond of finding fault with the teachers in his department was visiting one of the primary public schools, when the female teacher in charge asked a number of urchins the following question, "Now, children, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to get it out on the ocean as soon as possible, and the distance by canal to salt water was 860 miles, and by the St. Lawrence river 1,122 miles, which would be the shorter way to bring it?" The children were puzzled. This was rather irritating, in the presence of the inspector. "Why, you stupid little things," began the teacher.

"One moment, Miss B——", said the inspector rising. "I have found that teachers do not take enough pains to simplify the questions that they ask of children. It is very important, too, that analogies should be drawn from their personal experience. If more pains were taken in this respect, and an appeal made to the reason of the pupils, not only yourself, Miss B——, but a great many other teachers would succeed much better.

"Now, children, it is only two blocks to the Third avenue elevated road, but it is eight blocks to the Sixth avenue road. Now if you wanted to get to an elevated road in a hurry to which would you go?" "To the Third avenue road," shouted the children in triumph. "Certainly," said the inspector smiling, "because it is the nearer. Now then, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to reach the ocean in a hurry, which way would you take it?" The children thought a minute, and then burst out simultaneously, "By the Third avenue road!"—New York Tribune.

Excessively Polite.

It is well to be always polite, but there are times when it is better to be natural than to attempt the elaboration of social courtesies. The safest rule in any case is to be simple and do the obvious thing: this will not only be most sincere, but will often save one from appearing ridiculous.

A gentlemen who wished to give pleasure to a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Mott, arranged a boating party in her honor. The guests were chosen with her approval and everything was done to her liking.

Unfortunately the wind proved treacherous, and about the middle of the day the party found themselves becalmed on a sea which rose and fell in the long ground swell that is sure to prove too much for all but experienced sailors. It was not long before most of the party were ill, Miss Mott being one of the first to succumb. She lay in a wretched heap on the deck of the yacht, refusing to be moved, her hair in disarray and her whole appearance that of unutterable misery.

"I am so sorry that you are ill, Miss Mott," the host said. "When I wish to give you pleasure again I will not propose a water party."

With a supreme effort Miss Mott raised her ghastly face, about which the hair straggled, wet with the sweat of agony. An attempt at a smile showed itself on her white lips.

"Oh, I am having a perfectly lovely time," she said feebly.

The earnestness with which she spoke was too much for the gravity of her companions and, sick or well, they burst into a laugh, which so overcame Miss Mott that she fell to weeping bitter tears.—Youth's Companion.

Tipping Is Economical to Diners.

Systematic tipping of waiters pays. A tip here and there by the occasional patron of restaurants is simply generosity. The regular tipping of one waiter at one restaurant, however, is great economy. When the waiter is sure of the tip the service is much better, and there are possibilities in an a la carte order which only the well trained and well tipped waiter knows.

Go to your regular restaurant with a friend, and if your purse is small order a one portion dinner. There will be a few extra oysters, a larger tureen of soup, the roast will be in two generous slices, just enough for two throughout. Now give your waiter a double tip, and the next time you ask a friend to dinner you will be treated like lords.—New York Telegram.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the south fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands, and if they had not been diverted wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.—Gen. John Bidwell in Century.

What New England Reads.

It is interesting to know what are the reading tastes of such a typical New England town as Springfield, Mass. The city report of its public library shows, of course, that works of fiction are most in demand, with Edna Lyall, Walter Besant, E. P. Roe, Amelia B. Edwards, W. D. Howells, Jane Austen, Amelia Barr and Scott, Dickens and Thackeray as the most generally read authors. Next to works of fiction come biography, travels, science, education, history and theology, in the order named. Among historical works everything relating to the civil war is greedily read by all classes, but especially by Grand Army men. In fact, it is difficult to supply the demand for some of these books. Of French books, the one most read is Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The demand for German books is light. Shakespeare is read principally by the pupils of the public schools.—Exchange.

Artificial and Natural Gas.

Professor Shaler is of the opinion that what is popularly termed natural gas is destined to speedy exhaustion, but he thinks its effects on the economic methods of our civilization are certain to be enduring, and that the superior cleanliness and convenience of gas as a fuel will bring the world to the use of manufactured gas for fuel purposes when the supply of natural gas has given out, and in those localities where the geological formation is such that the discovery of natural gas cannot be hoped for.—New York Telegram.

Looking Forward.

Tommy is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping.

One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than seemed necessary.

"Why do you get so much?" asked her friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats!"—Youth's Companion.

Utilizing Waste.

Blood is manufactured into door knobs, shutters and doors are made from wood pulp; sawdust is a most useful article; dust and dirt are transformed into multitudinous building materials, while the waste products of the gas house are more valuable, if possible, than the original substance.—Baltimore Herald.

Curious Chinese Medicines.

The medicines of Caucasian civilization are derived from many a curious origin, but if you want to find funny things utilized as remedies for disease you will discover them in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Medical science in that country has been somewhat impeded by the respect which the Chinese pay to a dead body. Worshiping their ancestors as they do, their physicians would never think of cutting up a corpse. Consequently they know nothing of anatomy. Such knowledge on the subject as they pretend to possess is derived, according to their own account, from a man born some centuries ago, who had the misfortune to be of a transparent consistency, physically speaking, as if he were made of glass, so that it was possible to see just how things went on in his insides.

From observation of this extraordinary freak it was discovered that certain channels ran to each part and extremity of a human being, and that by these channels it was possible to convey any remedy that might be necessary to any organ or member requiring treatment internally. Ever since then celestial doctors have been able to tell just what sort of pills or decoctions were intended for the cure of this or that disorder. The glass man doubtless suffered from the experiments tried upon him by science, but medical knowledge was benefited inexpressibly.

Probably the Chinese pharmacopœia is more elaborate than that possessed by any other people. Physicians in the Flowery Kingdom mix up together such extraordinary things for remedial purposes as we should never dream of. One of their cures for liver complaint is obtained by administering the fossil teeth of various animals, which are known to them as "dragons' teeth." Antelopes' horns, powdered, they believe to be excellent for rheumatism, and glue from the hides of asses is supposed to be an admirable tonic and diuretic. The shell of a certain fresh water turtle made into jelly is a sure thing for "misery in the joints." A decoction from the hedgehog's hide is excellent for skin diseases, and tigers' bones mixed with hartshorn and terrapin's shell in the shape of a jelly is a first rate tonic in cases of diseases of the bones and of ague.—Washington Star.

Where the Ass Amuses a Crowd.

The common people of Cairo resort to the exhibitions of mountebanks who teach camels, asses and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough. After he has frisked and capered sufficiently his master tells him that the sultan means to build a great palace, and will have to employ all the asses in carrying mortar, stones and other materials. Upon this the ass falls down with his feet upward, closing his eyes and extending his chest as if he were dead.

The owner loudly bewails his loss, and appeals to the bystanders for alms to make it good. Then, having collected as much as possible, he announces that the ass is not really dead, but being sensible of his master's necessity has played a trick to secure provender.

He commands the ass to rise, but the brute remains motionless in spite of all the blows he can give him. At last he proclaims that by virtue of an edict of the sultan all the handsome ladies are bound to ride out the next day upon the comeliest asses they can find in order to see a triumphal show, and that the ladies are to entertain their beasts with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced than the ass rises up, prances and leaps for joy.

The master then declares that the ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife, upon which the ass lowers his ears and limps with one leg as if lame.

The showman, after remarking that his donkey is a great admirer of handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest one in the company, and the well trained beast completes the show by going about among the people, and finally touching one of the prettiest of the women with his head, to the great amusement of the crowd.—Youth's Companion.

A Wholesome Fear.

The many manholes which have blown up from time to time and the sensational character of the amateur electrocutions which have taken place in the city have together produced in the minds of the people a well grounded fear. I was forcibly struck by a scene in Broadway recently. A crowd had collected at the corner of Canal street for some unknown reason, as crowds will, when suddenly there was heard a rumbling noise in the sewer. The firing of a battery of Gatlings could not have dispersed the concourse with greater dispatch, and in fact several of the people fell over each other in their desire to escape.

One excessively stout man attempted to pass between a hydrant and a lamppost, and, there not being room, met with evidently very painful results. The confusion of panic is sometimes very funny, always providing you are not yourself suffering from it. An innocent wire lying across the sidewalk will turn the stream of travel into the roadway, no matter how muddy it may be, as effectually as a barricade of boxes in the dry goods district.—New York Telegram.

Slighted.

It is hard for us, whether we are old or young, to see our best efforts pass unappreciated; and what older people feel younger people say.

Little Mary, who is only 4 years old, had a new hat given to her, of which she felt very proud. On the following Sunday she wore it to church, but her pleasure in the event was greatly lessened by the fact that a certain lad on whom her childish affections were just then set appeared not to notice her splendid adornment.

Monday morning she saw him going by the house driving a cow, and at once she clambered upon the fence.

"Oh, Ed," she called, "that was me to chur[illegible], with a new hat on!"—Youth's Companion.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 365 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Pitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 12th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 301 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

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St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 3 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Euler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Huth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 132 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Sanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cos[illegible], R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Savanagh, [illegible]; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitta, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagoszarino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Moyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3816 Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2674 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Dr[illegible] G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, [illegible] Buchant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C [illegible] kakee. Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J [illegible], C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 188 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 355 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dennis F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second st; Thos. Halpin, V. P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty fifth st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2535 S. Halsted st., 1st Sunday of every month.

Div. No. 3—Daniel Collins, 867 S. Halsted st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted st. P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av and Union st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2100 State st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 892 Forty-third st., John Moore, Fin. Sec., Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av., Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 8—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P., J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av., V. P., Denis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Behan, 296 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Meets J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V. P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Jones, Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Friday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Frendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers, Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dooyle hall, Central Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 287 Michigan st; V. P., James Conway, [illegible] Sec., William Tall, Stenographer. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Bugman, Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hegely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcahey, Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantlon, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., B. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHerna, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Dobeny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av, V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Dan'l

HIS FIRST AND LAST ADAGIO.

A Touching Story of an Air That the Late Kaiser Was Very Fond Of.

In the year 1844 Prince Frederick was in his thirteenth year. His music lesson was over one day, and his teacher, Reichardt, the composer of the German patriotic song, "What Is the German Fatherland?" was going away, when the prince said: "Herr Reichardt, papa's birthday will be the 22d of March. Herr Dr. Curtius thought it would be nice for me to learn something special for that day. Will you kindly choose something suitable? It may be something difficult, so that papa sees that I have taken pains to please him. Papa loves music full of soft and tender feeling."

"Yes, royal highness, then we must take a pretty adagio. H—m, h—m," replied Reichardt, who rummaged about the music to find something suitable. Finally he held a piece in his hand longer than he had held the others.

"Is that suitable, Herr Reichardt?"

"Your royal highness, we are not far enough advanced. This is too difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's (F sharp minor) sonata. It will not do. The time is too short."

"Oh, Herr Reichardt," said the prince coaxingly, "I shall be very industrious. Please, please! It will do—it must do!" The prince added gayly: "It will not do 'adagio.' It will go 'forte.' That is what papa always says to me."

The difficult adagio was studied with diligence, pains and perseverance. On the 22d of March the young prince surprised his illustrious father by the performance of the splendid piece, which he played with astonishing firmness and great feeling. His father presented him with a complete outfit of tools for cabinet work for his diligence.

Forty-four years after at the imposing castle of Friedrichskron lay the noble Kaiser Friedrich, the heroic sufferer. His former clear and sunny eyes looked tired. Only at times he seemed to revive—when he looked through the open window into the chief avenue which passes from Pottsdam through the royal gardens at the castle. Then more light and cheerfulness came into his eyes.

The empress entered. She tried to look cheerful as she sat down beside the sick bed of her beloved husband. His countenance suddenly lighted up with a smile at his true and tried companion. With a motion of his hand he signed to her that the pleasant weather pleased him so much.

Toward the last the sufferer could n[o] speak, and he preferred to make sig[ns] rather than write notes. The emp[ress] asked her husband whether he ha[d] cial wishes, and after a little pa[use] motioned piano playing.

"Who shall play?" asked the [empress]. Then she added, "Will it not ex[cite] too much?"

"No," motioned the kaiser. [He] wrote a little note. "I wis[h] good music; could not Rufer, [the] teacher, come?"

"I shall have him asked to [come]," the empress. He is over i[n] stedter church now giving he[r] sons."

The empress gave the required directions, and the composer of "Merlin" appeared. There was a piano in the adjoining room, the doors were opened, and the artist seated himself at the piano. The kaiser requested to hear several of his favorite melodies, and listened with evident pleasure to the heart touching tune language.

The master, overcome with emotion, had already played several pieces of his own and of the compositions of others. The kaiser had him thanked every time and asked for more. The closing chords of a melody had again died away when the empress asked him, full of concern, "Tired, or does it excite you?"

The kaiser answered in the negative and again wrote a note: "Only one yet—an adagio from a sonata. It shall be the last." The master in the next room complied with the dying kaiser's wish. He seated himself again at the piano and played a splendid adagio. The sick kaiser listened. His eyes grew brighter. He motioned to the empress and wrote with feverish haste several words: "Forty years ago I played this adagio for my papa's birthday. Certainly not so well. Very pretty. Thanks, Rufer. Last piece; then sleep."

It was really the last piece, this adagio. They were the last musical tones that reached the dying monarch's ears. —Philadelphia Times.

The Story of Sergt. Jasper.

In the "Year Book" of Mayor Bryan, of Charleston, S. C., extracts are published from the diary of Capt. Barnard Elliott, a soldier of the olden time. Included is "the true story" of Sergt. Jasper and his famous "Don't let us fight without a flag." In the battle of Fort Moultrie the story runs thus, according to Capt. Elliott:

"The flagstaff being shot down, and the staff falling to the ground in the heat of battle, Jasper called to his colonel, Moultrie:

"'Colonel, don't let us fight without our colors.'

"'How can you help it?' replied the colonel; 'the staff is gone.'

"'Then I will replace it,' said John, upon which he leaped over the wall, took the flag and tied it to a sponge staff, and stuck it upon the merlon of the bastion near the enemy, gave three huzzas in the dangerous place he stood, and retired to his gun, where he fought with his gallant company to the end of the battle."

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In one of the cellars of the Rathskeller at Bremen are twelve large casks of wine, each bearing the name of one of the twelve apostles. They contain the famous "Rosenwein," which was deposited in the cellar named in 1624. At the time the wine was put in the cellar it was worth 500 rix dollars per case, each case comprising 200 bottles. Taking all expenses into account and compounding the interest, a single glass of that wine today (say one-eighth of a bottle), would be worth $30 1,000, or about $300 a drop!—St. Louis Republic.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt, ELLEN CONNELL, No. 11 Albany st., Boston, Mass.

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in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof.

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JERSEYVILLE, ILL., May 20th, 1888.

I take pleasure to let you known that my boy is still all right, he has not had any of the spasms since about March 20th. The people can hardly believe it from the fact that he had as many as 16 a day or more. I believe he was a very nervous child all his life but did not show any signs of spasms until last December, after which they came in regular succession, and I had 3 doctors attending who could do nothing for him, nor even tell us what was the matter. I had despaired of his ever getting well, until I got Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After taking not quite a bottleful he got quite well and has not had the least sign of spasms since. Respectfully Yours, MRS. E. LEYTON.

I testify to the facts as stated above to be strictly true. JAS. HARTY, Pastor.

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